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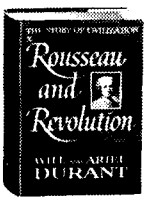

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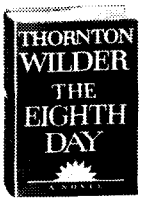

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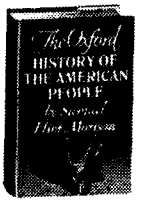

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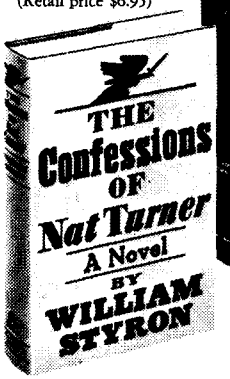

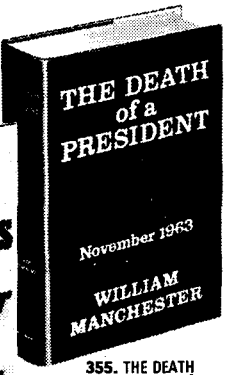

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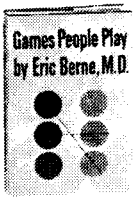

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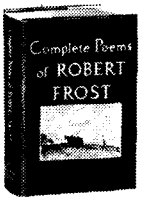

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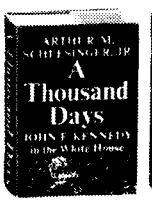

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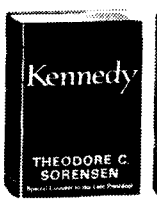

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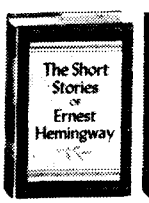

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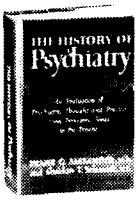

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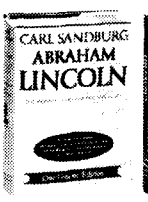

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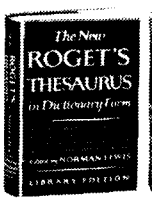

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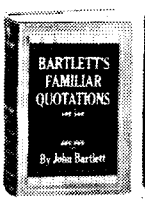

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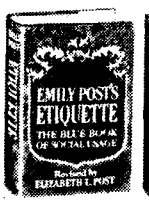

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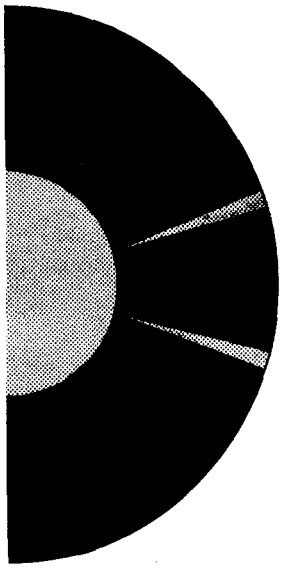

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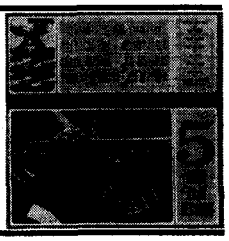

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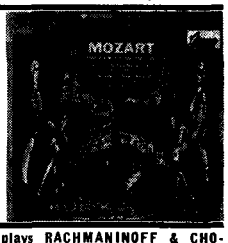

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T.R.B.

from Washington

State of the Union

★ The big moment in the President's State of the Union message was when nothing happened. There have been electrifying phrases in other such speeches – memorable proposals for mankind's betterment and new initiatives at home. This one will be remembered for a silence.

The President had gone through his recapitulation of the Vietnam situation without saying very much. It was just more of the same. He did not close the door to peace-feelers but the bombing will stop only if we get assurance that talks will take place "promptly" and with "reasonable hopes" that they will be "productive." That's the San Antonio Formula, he said. What it means is that almost certainly there won't be any talks.

The big, glittering audience in the House of Representatives settled down after digesting this, which came right at the start. So that was that; nothing new about the war. Mr. Johnson did manage to work in something about "very productive talks with His Holiness the Pope." His Holiness, Mr. Johnson implied, was in his corner.

Applause came regularly, pumped up by dutiful Democratic leaders whenever Mr. Johnson interrupted his slow, measured delivery to wait for it. Reporters automatically jotted down the interruptions, "21, 22, 23" which came punctually and rather perfunctorily at various lofty utterances and continued appeals for the better life; let's have a job-training program to place 500,000, in three years; a child health program to cover five years; a fine, liberal campaign to build six million new housing units – in 10 years. They seem to get further and further off.

And then Mr. Johnson said what conservatives had been waiting for, that the nation has had enough "of rising crime and lawlessness." This time it was different; this time the big, well-dressed audience was out to register something, this time cheers rose in the applause.

Everybody knows what "crime and lawlessness" means in this context, it is double-talk meaning to stop rape and muggings in the cities but also to keep the nigger in his place. For crime-in-the-streets read the racial issue, and Mr. Johnson is fully aware of it.

So then came the balancing appeal to smooth everything off and make everybody happy; the President said he would also urge Congress to enact "several vital bills pending. Especially the civil rights measure – fair jury trials, protection of federal rights, enforcement of equal employment, and fair housing."

Response? Silence. The crowd that interrupted the long speech 50 times in 50 minutes didn't applaud here. It sat on its hands. It was painful. Mr. Johnson glided on quickly to more goodies, "the Higher Education Act, the Juvenile Delinquency Act, conservation measures to save the Redwoods of California – "

My, how they applauded that! The good old Redwood clique was right in there pitching, and perhaps some of the other members were wishing now that they had had the guts to applaud before. But they hadn't. This was the beginning of the 1968 presidential election and the year when Congress didn't applaud civil rights.

One thought ahead. Election year. More steam and passion. Militants laying plans. George Wallace scattering sparks. Hardening of positions. Negro joblessness still twice that of whites. Half a million farm Negroes migrating to cities this year as in the past. Astute political students like Richard M. Scammon (believing the two major parties will take about the same position on Vietnam) forecasting race as the big issue of 1968. And Congress applauding save - the - Redwoods but not civil rights.

"The gravest domestic crisis in a hundred years of American history," Professor Nathan Glazer of the University of California called it in a recent issue of *Encounter*. The Negro "has entered a phase of the most extreme radicalism," he continued; the poignancy of it is, he added, that "we see revolutionary tactics associated with what are, in one perspective, mild demands." What the Negroes want are merely good jobs, good housing and police fairness.

Well, we are going to have to ride it out without any broad new ameliorative programs though Mr. Johnson is asking to increase the manpower (job) program 25 percent in the new fiscal year. Will Congress pass it? It may throw in some sops along with repressive legislation.

The President, we thought, pretty well outlined the role he will take in the election ahead. (One never really knows where the real Lyndon is of course; he varies his personality with the audience and occasion.) But for 1968, we guess, the old Texas flamboyance is gone; now he is a grave, wise, humane father outlining a middle-road course, talking earnestly but hopefully after touching base at the Vatican; weighing the chance of peace and promising splendid social reforms three, five, ten years hence – when the enemy sensibly accepts inferiority and agrees to terms on our generous conditions.

To sum it up it was a speech of no surprises, permeated by Vietnam. Congress clearly showed its own conservative mood which possibly reflects the uncertainty, the frustration and maybe the anger of the nation. Even Mr. Johnson acknowledged that something is wrong with the national mood. What can it be? he asked innocently. He is handling foreign affairs carefully, and prosperity grips the nation: "new cars moving down new highways."

It's a "restlessness," he said mildly, yes, a "certain restlessness – a questioning." Ah, think nothing of it, folks. "When a great ship cuts through the sea, the waters are always stirred and troubled." Now, what a nice metaphor that is. Evidently that slight turbulence you feel comes as "our ship is moving – moving through new waters, toward new and better shores."

The ship is rocking? You feel a little uncomfortable? Well, if you need them there are nice broad rails, folks, for you know what.

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Beyond Imperialism

To many, the decline of empires is sad and ominous. "To see being hauled down from staffs around the world a flag that has been at the service of the free world because the financial burden no longer can be borne . . . is a tragic thing," said *The Washington Post*, apropos the British decision to pull out of the Middle East and Asia. Tragic or not, the fall of empires and the rise of prickly new nations are facts. And because they are facts, the world will go on being a disorderly place, though not necessarily a worse place. At any rate, it will be made no better, no safer, by our pretending that the United States can pick up where the British left off. It is not just the British imperial mission that has ended; it is the age of imperialism. Great powers will still have special responsibilities, commensurate with their strength. But manipulating or ordering the internal life of weaker states cannot be one of those responsibilities. Violent struggles for power may prove the rule, not the exception, in many of the developing countries and the temptation to intervene will persist. But the most great powers can hope to do is to help limit, help isolate the disorders.

True, the dream of peace-keeping within and around more primitive societies by an imperial military presence is not dead, as US troops in Vietnam and Thailand illustrate. But it is a dream. The capability of a great state to expand its influence by seeking to control the internal and external affairs of others has been discredited. And one reason is that the democratic idea of self-determination *has* caught on – caught on far beyond capacities of some new societies to make it work. Long before Prime Minister Wilson announced that British withdrawal, except for Hong Kong, by the end of 1971, the end was in sight.

Not all imperial powers have given up what they thought was their manifest destiny as nicely as the British. The Germans had to be knocked off their imperial perch by World War I. The Japanese, the Dutch, the French, the Italians fought hard to keep an upper hand in Asia or Africa. Each in turn finally pulled back. For many years the imperial presence did keep a peace of sorts in protectorates and colonies. It can no longer. Now it is kept by the former servants of empire – Indians, Burmese, Pakistanis, Chinese, Algerians, Ethiopians. And one can safely predict that Portuguese hegemony over Angola will not survive the next decade.

The breakaway has not been confined to those who were once the

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puppets of the capitalist powers. What so short a time ago was popularly called the Soviet Empire in Eastern Europe has changed too. "International communism" has fragmented under the same nationalist pressures. The latest but by no means most important evidence of this comes from Czechoslovakia, whose Communist Party last month selected as its new secretary a Slovak, Alexander Dubcek. At a meeting in a village on the Slovak-Soviet border during Christmas week, the Soviet Communist Party chief, Mr. Brezhnev, met with Czechoslovakian party spokesmen to confirm the shift in leadership. Only a few months earlier, Mr. Dubcek had been denounced by the then secretary of the party as "a bourgeois nationalist." And where are China's satellites? For all the scare talk about Chinese expansionism, the fact is that in the one Asian country where Chinese communists seemed to have tried to work their will – Indonesia – they were murderously repulsed.

In its own backyard, the western hemisphere, the United States has been learning the limits of great power. Ninety miles off our shores, the unthinkable has become the tolerable – Communist Cuba goes on being Communist Cuba. For weeks now, the Organization of American States has been without a secretary general, though the US has a candidate. On even so minor a matter, we have not prevailed. Our imperialist protectorates over Cuba, Panama, the Dominican Republic, Haiti and Nicaragua long ago disappeared. And not even our military presence in the tiny state of Guatemala makes the streets safe for American officers.

The reality of this age of nationalism as against the dream of American (or Russian or Chinese) domination does not prescribe, does not permit, any return to old-fashioned isolationism. That is not its meaning. But the age does call for something strikingly different in the ways more favored industrial societies deal with the developing nations, new ways that will transform the entire psychological as well as economic and political relationship between "haves" and "have-nots." A former minister of finance and economics in Iran, Janangir Amuzegar, has pointed out that, "The nationalism of the developing countries today, like that of their counterparts in the 19th century, is a protest against economic deprivation, social confusion and political dependence. But unlike a century ago, legitimate aspirations for a better life cannot be fulfilled through territorial expansion, commercial subjugation or gunboat diplomacy at the expense of other nations, countries or continents. The struggle has to be won by the combined efforts of the people themselves and a generous inflow of external assistance [not arms, which is what the US is pushing hardest these days] from their richer uncles. Accepting charity and maintaining pride, however, do not always go hand in hand. Indeed, the smaller the country and the scantier its resources, the greater, ironically, is the desire for having both nationalism and economic progress at the same time." The growing doubts in the US about the efficacy of foreign aid (and its growing unpopularity with the recipients) underscores the need for something new.

Though not widely recognized, there is a common interest among the more favored nations – including the Soviet Union – in collaborating in helping these troubled and troubling newcomers to get ahead. The Alliance for Progress is a sound idea. Why should it not be directed and financed multinationally, and extended beyond this hemisphere? The constructive, manifest destiny of the better-off nations is not in military supremacy but in coordinated trade policies in the "third world."

A recent contributor to these pages, Zbigniew Brzezinski, has urged that communist countries – particularly the Soviet Union – be encouraged to perceive the advantages of increased global cooperation among the more developed states. "Instability and hatred for the rich among the poor," he wrote in *Foreign Affairs* in mid-1966, "and the irresistible temptation to the rich to engage in tactical manipulation of these conditions, will . . . impede any effort to come to grips with the basic problems of the Third World, thus perpetuating and aggravating the imbalance." The sensible alternative, he says, is a community of the developed nations which "must eventually come into being if they are to respond effectively to the crisis that the Third World now faces and will face with increasing gravity."

For the moment, the United States is trapped by a "commitment" in Asia that has transformed a civil war into a brutal, unnecessary international war. For the moment we are, as the Rev. Leo Foley of Catholic University of America has said, "holding the bag for a century of disgraceful French colonialism." But it won't be held forever. We shall, finally, be forced to accept in Vietnam what the Vietnamese themselves decide. And what we should be looking and planning for now is what comes next – beyond imperialism – a noncoercive, collective social and economic effort by the advanced nations that can give real hope of progress to the newer nations.

Other Voices in Vietnam

The President of South Vietnam, Nguyen Van Thieu, is deadly afraid this country is going to make peace with Hanoi. Unhappily his fears seem premature. At the end of December, the North Vietnamese foreign

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minister, Nguyen Duy Trinh, said peace talks will begin when American air and other attacks on the North cease. But Thieu wants bombing continued until Hanoi surrenders, and he has Washington's assurance that he will be fully consulted. That might be that, except there are other voices in South Vietnam besides Thieu's. They include the council of bishops, who represent the country's 1.8 million Roman Catholics, the most influential top 10 percent of the population. Thieu is a Roman Catholic who now has his own bishops ranged against him. Roman Catholics dominate the South Vietnamese Senate and are the biggest single group in the country's lower house. The Buddhists don't support President Thieu and Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky. These two men represent only the military junta they come from, and it is split. So are they; the American Embassy in Saigon is reported dismayed by their ill-concealed feud and consequent failure to lead. The council of bishops demanded: "How can there be peace when those in responsible places mask their false promises behind rhetoric? How can peace prevail if laziness, hypocrisy and corruption prevail everywhere in society?"

Now that the Catholics have joined the Buddhists in a clamor for peace, the fall of the Thieu-Ky government is only a matter of time. What is to replace it? The best guess is a government in Saigon willing to negotiate with the Viet Cong. One group of South Vietnamese, who for the time being prefer to remain anonymous, propose a cease-fire, or series of cease-fires in different parts of the country, between Viet Cong areas and Saigon-held areas, followed in due course by elections in which all participate.

But the group says the first step should be stopping the bombing of the North. Nobody in South Vietnam can take the war off American backs, where it now clearly and heavily rests. Thieu and Ky can't even get the draft age in South Vietnam down below 20. Edwin O. Reischauer truly says, in an acid comment on Thieu, "It's an American war." The Saigon peace group hope to put their ideas before the Pope, who has allowed the Vatican's newspaper to say that bombing the North has led this country into a blind alley and weakened us politically and morally. This is also the view of Senator Mansfield, who calls the bombing "quite calamitous," and of Senator Cooper and other influential Americans of both parties. The Saigon peace group's formula for ending the war coincides with that of retired Marine Brigadier-General Samuel B. Griffith, who believes stopping the bombing will get us to the negotiating table, and then there can be cease-fires in the South, district by district and area by area. A journey of 1,000 miles, said John F. Kennedy, must begin with a single step. The first step has to be taken by Washington, not Thieu or anybody else.

Turning on Lausche

The executive committee of the Ohio Democratic Party has made a momentous decision to try to get a Democrat as the Democratic candidate for US Senate, in place of incumbent "Democrat" Frank J. Lausche – a champion vote-getter but a champion, too, of most things Republicans hold dear. In ADA's tally of senatorial votes on the 10 most decisive issues in the first session of the 90th Congress, Mr. Lausche was rated "negative" on eight. In 1958, Lausche set some sort of record for political ambivalence. He endorsed Democrat Michael V. DiSalle for governor, but supported the right-to-work bill, and his picture appeared in political ads with then-Governor C. William O'Neill, a Republican, who also favored the bill. DiSalle, a foe of the measure, defeated O'Neill, but with no active assistance from Lausche. This was typical of Lausche throughout his two terms as Cleveland's mayor and five as Ohio governor. The two-term senator has usually just helped himself, which is a prime reason for the sorry state of the party organization in the state.

Lausche's chief support has always lain with the nationality groups – and with Republicans. He has not had any serious primary opposition in years. Labor leaders have long been alienated from him, but it seems certain that this year he will lose whatever Negro support he may have had in the past. He endorsed Ralph S. Locher over the Negro candidate, Carl Stokes, in the Cleveland mayoral primary last October. Nor would Lausche support Stokes in the general election, in which Stokes barely won over Republican Seth Taft. (In that election, incidentally, the working-class ethnic wards voted solidly for Taft, although they are normally heavily Democratic, which suggests that labor has its work cut out for it if it is to retire Lausche to his beloved golf links.)

The relatively unknown Democratic challenger who has been endorsed by the state executive committee to oppose Lausche is John J. Gilligan, 46, a liberal and former congressman from Cincinnati, who just barely got enough votes to be elected to Cincinnati's city council last November. The campaign has opened with Gilligan attacking Lausche's conservative voting record, and Lausche retorting with cries of labor bossism. If Gilligan should win, the Democratic Party would have a chance to weld itself into an effective political machine; if he loses, it would be no worse off than it is today, for in the boondocks, there is a party in name only. The Democrats are often hard-pressed even to find a candidate. Because of this, and the smooth political operation of the Republican state organization, largely the handiwork of Ray Bliss, the Republicans have swept statewide elections with ease and regularity. All state offices are held by Republi-

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cans; the legislature is GOP-dominated; the 19-member GOP congressional delegation is the largest in the House of Representatives – and the most conservative.

Lausche, who has never spent more than about $50,000 for a statewide campaign, may now be hard-pressed for funds and will have to expend more time and energy this year than ever before. The odds at the moment are that the 72-year-old conservative will win the primary. But whoever the Democrats choose will have a tough race against Ohio Attorney General William B. Saxbe, the probable Republican nominee.

What Dirksen Knows

After two months of backstage persuasion, the Dirksen-Bayh amendment calling for the direct election of the President seems to have a good chance of moving out of the Senate subcommittee on constitutional amendments. Once it's out of subcommittee, its proponents could benefit substantially by the vagaries of the 1968 campaign.

Consider, for instance, the possible effect of George Wallace's third-party effort. Wallace's candidacy could throw a close election into the House of Representatives, where each state has one vote. A lot of maneuvering could result. It is all but impossible to have the amendment ratified and in force before the 1968 election. But the effect of Wallace's candidacy will be in the minds of many members of Congress and will incline them to favor the amendment, which takes the House entirely out of play.

On the other hand, there are factors in the current prospects for 1968 which will tend to swing votes against the amendment.

The recent Harris Poll showed President Johnson getting only 39 percent in a four-cornered race with Richard M. Nixon, Wallace and Sen. Eugene McCarthy as a "peace candidate." Although Senator McCarthy doesn't intend to run on a third-party ticket, and a poll is only a poll, it will cause some to think about the provision in the amendment which requires a run-off between the top two candidates if none of the candidates receives 40 percent (Abraham Lincoln, in 1860, was the only winning candidate in the country's history to fall below that, with only 39.7 percent in a four-way race).

As the first session of the 90th Congress came to an end, it appeared that the amendment's backers, led by Everett M. Dirksen (R, Ill.) – it was his idea to call for ratification by state conventions, raising the possibility of enactment in time for the fall election – and Sen. Birch Bayh (D, Ind.) had six or seven votes on the 10-member subcommittee.

One of the "key" votes is that of Sen. Sam Ervin (D, N.C.) who has questioned the amendment on the ground that it strips states of some of their powers. Proponents have been active to win his support because he has influence over 15 to 20 other senators on constitutional questions. As Congress resumed, his long opposition seemed to be softening. At the same time, Sen. Dirksen appears to be picking up an extra GOP vote or two on the subcommittee. Once it's in full committee, there will be little problem getting the amendment to the Senate floor, where it would stand a good chance. The House is another question.

Tucked away in the amendment is a provision which would give Congress power to set minimum voting requirements, such as a minimum voting age below which states couldn't go in a presidential election, minimum registration rules, etc.

Looking beyond immediate effects, speculative as they are, we see the amendment cutting heavily into the traditional power of the big industrial states, and hence of the minority and like special groups which often wield decisive influence there. It is no accident that Sen. Dirksen – not otherwise mesmerized by the one man, one vote rhetoric – favors this amendment. Because of the peculiar electoral college arrangement, the presidential constituency for generations has been different than the congressional one. The amendment would merge the two constituencies. Mr. Dirksen knows who will be the gainers. Perhaps his liberal allies in this venture will come to see it, too.

Time to Reply

When a television network gives air time to a candidate for public office it must offer equal time to his opponents. That is the law. But the Communications Act (section 315), which makes the requirement, leaves vague what a "legally qualified candidate" is, and when it is that a man becomes a candidate. It would be hard to argue that the State of the Union address of President Johnson, for instance, was not a political speech by a candidate. But then Mr. Johnson – despite all the maneuverings in his behalf in the New Hampshire primary, despite the statements of Democratic National Chairman John Bailey that Johnson will be the party's nominee – has not "declared," and until he does the networks feel no compunction about rejecting equal-time requests from opposing and declared candidates.

Johnson had an hour of the networks' prime time December 19 to chat with three reporters and 50 million people, and, among other things, to put down an imagined Kennedy-McCarthy conspiracy against him. The networks denied McCarthy's request for time to reply, and at this writing a decision by the FCC on hearing McCarthy's appeal had not yet been made.

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The broadcasters have immense power to help or hinder politicians by granting air time selectively. Their own interpretation of their responsibilities has been remarkably flexible. TV covered Johnson's famous "wooden soldiers" speech and gave Gerald Ford and Everett Dirksen an opportunity to reply. The broadcasters could have denied to the Republican leadership what they denied Senator McCarthy. They did not. They know where power is.

A Military Solution to Revolt in Our Cities?

Commenting in a recent interview on the lack of will to solve the problems of cities, New York Mayor John V. Lindsay said: "We need to declare an all-out emergency. We have to put the United States on a wartime basis. We must spell out a period of years." Col. Robert B. Rigg, a retired US Army Intelligence officer, seems to have taken Mayor Lindsay literally. In an article in *Army* magazine in January, Col. Rigg advises the Army and the National Guard to prepare themselves for prolonged warfare, not in Vietnam, but right here in our largest cities.

Col. Rigg believes that what he calls "organized urban insurrection" in the next few years could produce in sections of our metropolitan areas "scenes of destruction approaching those of Stalingrad in World War II." The "danger and the promise" is that defeat of such urban guerrilla forces would require use of the National Guard and the Army. "We have seen," he says, "many square blocks totally ruined in Watts, Detroit and elsewhere, where there was no organized resistance. Were organized insurrection to break out and military power needed to suppress it, destruction in city square miles could mount tremendously over what we have seen." The colonel concedes that prevention of urban violence and insurrection calls for social, economic and political efforts. But he insists that at the same time, there must be the "peripheral insurance policy of an inside intelligence system that can warn of serious outbreaks and help to curb them" – an espionage network with "informants who can help guide troops and police through the maze of buildings, stairwells, streets, alleys, tunnels and sewers."

According to Rigg, Chicago, New York, Detroit, Newark, Oakland and Los Angeles are becoming cement and brick jungles which "can offer better security to snipers and city guerrillas than the Viet Cong enjoy in their jungles, elephant grass and marshes." The ghettos have "vertical acreage and horizontal mileage that offers such tactical protection and vantage points as to make future snipers much braver and city guerrillas much bolder than unorganized, rioting mobs have been so far."

Today's riots bring more than temporary disorder, for, the colonel notes, they instill a new frame of mind among minorities that visualizes rebellion against society as a successful venture of the future. So far the unruly elements, with no real organization, have demonstrated that they can do unusual damage, but "the sick seed can grow into a menacing weed. . . . We may find the danger to a free America is greater from within than from without."

It is possible, Rigg thinks, that in the next decade at least one major metropolitan area could be faced with guerrilla warfare requiring sizable United States Army elements to go into action, and with National Guard units remaining "on almost permanent active duty in many of our cities." He expects warfare to erupt with no prodding by communists, though communists will take advantage of it. He warns that "activists of the left who now expend their energies in protesting against the Vietnam war could become a growing source of urban unrest and trouble." And he adds that "in some intelligence circles of our government, it is known that the more dangerous conspirators in ghettos are being prompted by members of the pro-Chinese wing of the American Communist Party."

He sees the war in the cities going something like this. As in Vietnam, guerrillas by night could be ordinary workers by day. Rooftops, upstairs windows and back alleys could be hideouts for hidden snipers, and police and patrolling National Guardsmen could be sniped at in the dark for months and could suffer heavy casualties. No jungle tree branches are as secure for guerrillas, he says, as the elevators, stairwells, and vacant rooms of city buildings. Police, National Guard and active Army units "could hardly carry out successful clear-and-hold operations in the steel and concrete jungle of high-rise buildings without resorting to a campaign that would almost reach the destruction experienced by Stalingrad." From 20-story apartment or office buildings, urban guerrillas could shoot down to the streets, and drop fire bombs. "Imagine a building or a block of buildings that houses innocent people, but is used at night by snipers and insurrectionists with fire bombs. Tactical action here would take on the proportions of search and destroy operations by day, and retaliation, maneuver, and fighting by night. Night fighting will call for a very delicate decision as to which darkened window to shoot at, and which rooftop to blast by mortar fire, or to assault by helicopter."

The colonel envisages hundreds of refugees fleeing from buildings, and the guerrillas either holding inno-

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cent persons as hostages or using them as escape shields. There will be problems of handling the sick and wounded, and getting food, medicine and doctors to trapped people. Some who are trapped will be in burning buildings and will have to be evacuated by helicopter. Firemen will need to be protected from sniper fire, perhaps by wearing Red Cross badges, or they may suffer heavy casualties.

When urban guerrilla warfare breaks out, it will require the highest degree of calm ever demanded of the American serviceman. Each unit and each soldier will be expected to endure the highest incidence of sniping, "and – at times – resort to the least firing." Troops will have to be trained for this.

For the National Guard, he believes, this means a complete change of direction in training. Likewise, "army units must be oriented and trained to know the cement-and-asphalt jungle of every American city. It means that maneuvers and exercises, heretofore carried out about the countryside, in the future can be conducted in large cities." Very soon, the colonel writes, American troops will be maneuvering in metropolitan areas and will be required to learn about and to memorize the details of communities, their buildings, streets, alleyways, rooftops and sewers, just as once they learned the use of terrain features of open country. "This is the only way," he concludes, "to solve the intelligence, social, economic and political problems associated with serious 'third front' warfare which could bear the unfortunate label of 'made in the USA'."

Is Rigg having a nightmare? Richard Nixon warned in New York on January 9 that this summer there will be war, not just riots, in the city streets. He said that "radicals" were planning "the bringing of great cities to their knees." Governor George Romney said this month that in Michigan whites and blacks are busy arming against each other. Is this just Republican scare talk? On January 15, a series of police conferences, closed to the public, began on the prevention and control of civil disorder at six locations around the nation. They were inaugurated by the United States attorney general and attended by 400 police officials and many city mayors.

IF RACE WAR COMES, WHICH SIDE WILL THE US BE ON?

White Africa vs Black

Cape Town

Two trends are meeting in collision in Southern Africa in 1968: the northward thrust of South Africa's diplomatic and military expansionism, and the southward thrust of the African guerrilla liberation movements. The time may not be distant when South Africa – the most powerful state in Africa south of the Sahara – will garrison the whole of white-ruled Southern Africa, taking under its protection Rhodesia and the Portuguese colonies of Angola and Mozambique.

This is an important change in policy for the nationalist government which, for the 19 years in which it has been in power, has kept South Africa strictly neutral. The change was announced by Prime Minister John Vorster last August when he said, "We will fight terrorists wherever we are allowed to fight them." He explained that by terrorists he meant Africans from South Africa who, militarily trained, were now on their way back to their country to "liberate" it, and were passing through Rhodesia, or Angola and Mozambique, or even through the African states of Botswana and Swaziland, on this homeward journey. "We cannot expect others to fight our battles for us," declared Mr. Vorster, adding that South Africa would send help only if invited by the governments of the countries concerned. He said too that South Africa would send only police, not army units, and that these units would be withdrawn when they were no longer needed.

In practice this means that, as the Southern African states find they cannot deal with the guerrilla incursions on their own, they will call in South Africa's help; and in the danger of the moment the distinction between police and troops may well become academic; also, it may not be possible always to state definitely that the guerrillas are South Africa-bound. In a military sense, Rhodesia, Angola and Mozambique could end up as South Africa's satellites – colonies is not quite the right word. As for the two African states, Botswana (newly independent) and Swaziland (about to become independent), they are in an embarrassing position. Africa expects them to be on the side of the guerrillas, but economically they are hostage to South Africa. They are also natural passageways for guer-

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rilla incursions. Already Botswana has captured more than 30 infiltrators and jailed them – they were all on their way to South Africa. Later, if the guerrilla forces driving into Mozambique from Tanzania make deeper inroads, Swaziland will have the same trouble. Botswana and Swaziland thus look like being brought into a confrontation with the Organization for African Unity one day, and "conservative" though their governments are they may not relish imperiling their Africanness in this way.

If Mr. Vorster has blundered by abandoning neutrality and becoming militarily entangled outside his borders, why has he done this? The answer is necessity. Reviewing the unsuccessful attempts of guerrillas to date to infiltrate Southwest Africa and Rhodesia, a pro-Vorster newspaper wrote recently: "The aim is to bring ever-bigger areas and populations under terrorist control, and to extend operations increasingly from these bases with a view ultimately to taking over the country. At present this seems ludicrously grandiose, but all the 'revolutionary wars' of recent years began in such absurdly small ways, and few of them in the long run were won by the defenders. The war in Vietnam is basically of this kind. . . . The time to call a halt is right at the beginning, because later it becomes increasingly difficult. Once a few well-trained terrorists have infiltrated an area and made themselves at home, they can do endless damage. Their aim is to estrange the people among whom they find themselves from the authorities, and they achieve this initially through a reign of terror, in which a gruesome example is made of anyone who tries to establish contact with the security forces. The police then find that no one wants to talk any more, and tough methods to obtain information can in certain circumstances play further into the hands of the terrorists by pushing sympathy over to their side. Gradually whole towns and areas become infested in this way, and once the guerrilla stage of hit-and-disappear is reached, you need as many as 20 or 24 soldiers per terrorist to bring the situation under control." This apparently is the Vorster government's outlook: that is why it moved so swiftly into Rhodesia.

In the guerrilla flare-up in Rhodesia last August, security forces killed 31 guerrillas and captured 26, for the loss of seven Rhodesian soldiers and policemen, and one South African policeman drowned. As the guerrillas came over the border from Zambia, the joint Rhodesian-South African forces were waiting for them, acting on information received from their efficient informer network in the independent African states. Spotter helicopters were used, and the South Africans sent up Saracen armored cars. This was the first official intimation that the guerrillas were headed not only for Rhodesia and Southwest Africa (32 Africans have pleaded guilty in Pretoria to guerrilla activities in Southwest Africa and await sentence), but also for South Africa itself. The guerrillas allegedly were armed with Chinese and Russian weapons. Even Hawker Hunter jets were used against them by the Rhodesians in the running battle that developed. At the time of writing, the guerrilla war is flaring up again in the Zambezi Valley, although reports that 200-300 guerrillas are poised on the Zambian side are described as "grossly exaggerated" by the South African chief of police. At the same time, six South African policemen – Zambia says they are soldiers disguised as policemen – are cooling their heels in a Zambian jail after crossing illegally into Zambian territory in what the South African government describes as an unfortunate New Year spree. Dr. Kaunda, Zambia's president, is making the most of South Africa's embarrassment, and has given no hint yet that he is prepared to accept the Vorster government's apology.

This is only a kind of climax, of course, to long-simmering hostility between Zambia and South Africa. Recently, President Kaunda accused South African helicopter pilots of violating Zambian territory and army personnel of landing "several times" in Zambian territory. Before that, when South Africa became suspicious that Zambia was harboring guerrillas, Mr. Vorster warned President Kaunda: "If you want to try violence, we will hit you so hard you will never forget it." Mr. Ben Schoeman, next senior minister to Mr. Vorster, seemed to go even further, declaring: "If we ascertain that there are terrorists in Dr. Kaunda's country, and that people from South Africa are being trained there for action against South Africa, we are the people who will take the steps, not he – an ominously cryptic statement, if ever there was one! Zambia of course denies that it has guerrilla camps on its territory: confessions by captured guerrillas to this effect, it says, have been made under torture.

It is in the Portuguese colonies though that the situation may crystallize first. Portugal is estimated to have anything up to 100,000 troops in Angola and Mozambique, which is ruinously expensive for such a small, poor colonial power. The guerrillas who infiltrate into Angola are harbored in the Congo, and the guerrillas who infiltrate into Mozambique, and who by all accounts control a large area of the northern province, are harbored in Tanzania. The Portuguese war in Africa is entering its eighth year, and the defense budget, at $216 million, is half the national budget, which is aggravating Portugal's trade deficit which rose to $307.2 million last year. The Portuguese government has denied emphatically a London report that Prime Minister Antonio Salazar has expressed doubts about Portugal's ability to carry on in Africa, but the

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Portuguese themselves in Angola and Mozambique are said to entertain these doubts, and to be toying with the idea of making their own Unilateral Declaration of Independence and throwing in their lot with South Africa and Rhodesia. Portugal has a further problem in its little colony of Portuguese Guinea – in West Africa – where 800,000 people, living in swampy, thickly forested territory, may be the first Africans to liberate themselves by war.

At one time, Rhodesia, the Portuguese colonies and South Africa each found it politically expedient to distance themselves from each other, but increasingly the links are being strengthened now. President Kaunda has referred to the four white-ruled countries as an "unholy alliance" and a "military axis." Mr. Vorster denies there is any military alliance with either Rhodesia or Portugal, but the question is academic: as Mr. Vorster himself said, he is good friends with the two countries, "and good friends need no treaty to catch murderers; also good friends know their duty when their neighbor's house catches alight." Rhodesian spokesmen have echoed these sentiments. John Wrathall, deputy prime minister, declaring that the Zambesi is the "front line of Southern Africa's civilization" and that the Rhodesian and South African police are "working excellently" together, said: "This is a matter for all of us. South Africa is the target, you know. We in Rhodesia are in the front line. If we go, South Africa will be in a very vulnerable position." Similarily, the links with Portugal are being strengthened. The South African Minister of Defense, Mr. Piet Botha, visited Lisbon last year, and there has been much coming and going between South Africa, Mozambique and Angola since then. There is not the slightest doubt that if the guerrillas in either Angola or Mozambique were to show any signs of winning, the South Africans would be there like a shot. As if to prepare the public for this new emotional alliance, a Mozambique Fighting Soldiers' Comforts Fund has been started by a South African wine farmer. One poster shows a young Portuguese soldier with an ammunition belt slung around his neck, with a caption reading, "It's stinking hot. It's wet. And all around are communist guerrillas. The young men of Mozambique are fighting our fight under terrifying conditions. Risking their lives to safeguard our ideals. . . . Please help them. The future of South Africa depends very much on the outcome of the war."

South Africa itself is becoming a militarized nation. The call-up of youngsters for compulsory 12-months' military service is being doubled this year. The Army, Navy and Air Force are being expanded. The country's acting president appealed for recruits for the police because guerrilla activities "have been an unexpected drain on the manpower resources of the police force." Last month Defense Minister Botha warned that forces were gathering on South Africa's northern borders, that airstrips were being built in the north, and that "difficult times" lay ahead. In his New Year's message, Vorster said that, in 1968, "our enemies might well make a greater attempt to bring us down because they know that time is running out as far as they are concerned" Mr. Vorster's message echoed the September meeting of the Organization for African Unity in Kinshasa, at which it was decided not only to give the guerrilla movements of Southern Africa $2 million of the OAU's $3.1 million budget, but also to transfer control for overall strategy to military hands.

The United States, in various ways, mostly peripheral so far, is becoming involved in this Southern Africa escalation. Portugal, for example, accuses American organizations bluntly for subsidizing "black guerrillas" in Portuguese Africa (in Angola, Israel has also been blamed by the Portuguese foreign minister for some of the trouble). More significantly, according to Basil Davidson, President Kaunda has written to President Johnson asking for arms aid. Davidson (writing in the London *Sun*), said this letter one day might be seen as a key document in African history. "In this letter it was explained to President Johnson that threats to Zambia of bombing and armed raids from the south – now much discussed in Portugal and Rhodesia along the lines of Israel's 'lightning deterrent blow' against the Arabs – must be met by counter-deterrents. Things being as they are, a new 'balance of terror' must be created along the Zambezi River frontier. 'If they strike at us,' this letter argued in so many words, 'they must know that we can strike back.' And a request was made, I was told on excellent authority, for deterrents in the form of ground-to-ground and ground-to-air weapons."

Davidson firmly believes that South Africa, Rhodesia, Angola and Mozambique will become involved in an ever-worsening conflict with the African states, notably Zambia and Tanzania, that at this point the African states will turn to the East for help, while the four white-ruled states will turn to the West – and that the West, finally, will have to choose which side it is on. For the United States, certainly, which has various fluctuating policies toward white-ruled Southern Africa, but no consistent single policy, this is going to be an agonizing moment. Black nationalist forces in Portuguese Guinea allege that napalm and phosphorous bombs marked "Made in USA" have been dropped on African villages, although weapons supplied as NATO aid to Portugal are intended to help that country defend itself against external aggression, not to fight insurgent guerrillas in Portugal's colonies.

STANLEY UYS

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The Senator Isn't Peddling Fireworks

McCarthy In California

by Paul Wieck

San Francisco

If Sen. Eugene McCarthy made any one point clear during his six-day swing through this state in mid-January, it was his dogged determination to stick to a style that flouts the best judgment of the experts of contemporary American politics and gives more than a few of his fervent supporters an abiding sense of anxiety.

In an era of hard-hitting, public relations politics, McCarthy is offering his supporters and the voters a low-keyed, rational discussion of the nature of this country's moral commitment to itself and to the world in the closing decades of this century, punctuated by his opposition to the Administration's policies in Vietnam.

There will be no speeches touched up with emotional, jingoistic slogans voters have been nurtured on, no applause lines sprinkled through his speeches (if they're in the text, he manages to throw them away), no false issues dreamed up by flak men to turn this or that minority group on and as little as possible of the traditional hoopla – marching bands, straw hats, screaming fans.

Judging by the mixed results of this insistence of nothing more, at least on his part, than an intellectual discourse with the voters during his visit to this state, Senator McCarthy's decision to play it that way is, at best, a gamble.

As a style, it's hardly infectious on the initial exposure. But if it works and he wins the June primary here and thus captures the state's huge, 174-vote delegation to Chicago and, simultaneously, elevates his backers to a position of power in the state party, he could emerge as a new hero with a unique style. If it doesn't, he can be written off as a prize patsy.

Obviously, Senator McCarthy – a sensitive, proud man who feels his decision to challenge his party's leadership at a time when it controls the White House is proof of his own courage and best intentions – wouldn't be comfortable with any other style. He just doesn't see himself emoting for effect ("I'm not much of a projection man," he confessed in an interview here) but, instead, playing it straight by putting the issues in context.

Nor does he understand supporters who "say they won't contribute unless I stir things up."

The purpose of this initial swing was threefold – to give potential backers a chance to size him up, publicly and privately, to set up the basis for his campaign organization in this key state, and to raise money.

His greatest success came in the organizational field, a not inconsequential feat in California, a state whose psychedelic politics is accentuated, among Democrats, by the disarray caused by the 1966 debacle at the polls. To Senator McCarthy's credit, a key supporter confided following several days of private negotiations that "Senator McCarthy's basic political instincts are good. He's a little slow to move, until he's sure of where he stands, but then he moves."

If he is to win the June primary here, McCarthy must broaden his appeal to include play to the "liberal middle" and, simultaneously, make substantial inroads among Negro, Mexican-American and labor voters, who constitute the massive base of California voters. Obviously, the tone of his campaign will be set by the make-up of his campaign committee. As he prepared to leave, he could announce two important recruits –

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Joseph Ball, senior partner of the Los Angeles law firm of which ex-Governor Pat Brown is a member; and ex-State Senator Richard Richards of Los Angeles, well-known in party circles because of two statewide races against Senator Thomas Kuchel (R, Calif.). To these he added Reps. Don Edwards of San Jose and George Brown of Los Angeles, whose support of Senator McCarthy has been known, either publicly or privately, for some time; Gerald Hill, president of the California Democratic Club; and Jerry Brown, son of the ex-governor.

But he did not make any substantial inroads among minority groups for a combination of reasons, despite long and trying sessions with militants. Here, Senator McCarthy runs into a basic problem with himself.

In short, McCarthy is not a "militant," either intellectually or emotionally, and he won't permit a flak job that gives him that appearance in places like Watts, where militant activists are demanding to be heard. He is, on the other hand, willing to go and listen, although on his initial swing he did not make a proposed "walking tour" of Watts because his staff decided an extra day at Fresno, where Democrats had gathered from every corner of the state, was more important. This was set down as "a bad error of judgment" by his local managers, who know just how sensitive minority communities are this season.

If he doesn't reach the minority community through the activists, how does he reach it? Certainly not through a basically apathetic Negro middle class or the average working-class Negro, who neither shares nor understands McCarthy's concern over our moral commitments relative to Vietnam.

His problem lining up support in this vital segment of the Democratic vote is typified by State Sen. Mervyn Dymally of Watts, a young Negro militant well known throughout the state. Senator Dymally has openly criticized President Johnson for ignoring "little guys like me" in the decision-making processes that relate to Great Society programs. But he hasn't committed himself to Senator McCarthy, although he would be Senator Dymally's personal choice over LBJ. Why has he not done so? There are two reasons. He knows the anti-Vietnam feeling in his district is limited to the militants, on the one hand; and he doesn't want to get so far ahead of his own constituents, who know little if anything about Senator McCarthy, that he will be hurt if the Minnesota candidate turns out to be a fall-guy instead of a hero.

Senator Dymally's role is even better understood if studied against the backdrop of still another sideshow of California politics – the strange mating dance Speaker Jesse Unruh is performing as the badly shattered Democrats cast about for new coalitions within the state's Democratic Party.

Thus far, Speaker Unruh, who is the "Big Daddy" of one of the four major groupings of California Democrats, has declined to join either the slate President Johnson's aides have designated Tom Lynch, the colorless, pedestrian attorney general and only statewide officeholder, to head, or that of Senator McCarthy. But Unruh hasn't stopped there. He has also publicly encouraged his fellow assemblymen to stay off both slates on a somewhat valid thesis; namely, that control of the state assembly in the next session of the legislature (the Democrats now hold a narrow, 42-38 majority) is vital to the party's hope for recovery in 1970, and individual members might jeopardize their chances of winning reelection by becoming involved in a bitter, intraparty fight.

A valid thesis unless considered in the light of still another Unruh tactic. Everywhere he went in the state, Senator McCarthy was confronted with rumors, all of them deliberately circulated, that Sen. Robert F. Kennedy (D, N.Y.) is about to enter the presidential race himself. McCarthy's local managers think it's a bluff, but the fact that Senator Kennedy recently visited the state, conferring with his close friends, lends a certain authenticity to the rumors that have been spread in the wake of his visit.

Here are some examples: Persons close to Speaker Unruh claim he is "betting with himself" that Senator Kennedy will come in. This rumor surfaced everywhere at Fresno, where 2,000 Democrats were gathered for a party conference. At the same time, Richard Tuck, who gained national notoriety by playing tricks on Barry Goldwater in 1964, told his own version to everyone who would listen. It went approximately this way: Tuck says he was offered a job in Jack Gilligan's campaign against Sen. Frank Lausche in the Ohio primary but, upon checking with his leader (Senator Kennedy), was told to hold off for a few weeks. A flak man for Senator Dymally confided that his own boss was contacted by a "Kennedy man" he refused to identify, shortly after Senator McCarthy announced, and was advised to stay loose.

For an aspiring "militant" who recognizes Senator Kennedy's appeal to his people as contrasted with Senator McCarthy's virtually "zero" identification rating in the same precincts as of today, this is enough to make him hedge.

If it is a bluff, there could be several reasons. Unruh could be buying himself a couple months time as California Democrats shake down for 1968 after their disastrous defeat in 1966. Or Senator Kennedy could be promoting it to give Senator McCarthy a hard time for putting him, Senator Kennedy, in an exposed position. Again, if one believes the current thesis that the "good Bobby" is wrestling with the "bad Bobby" over

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what to do in 1968, it could attain the proportions of validity.

One of the propitious results, as far as McCarthy was concerned, was that it forced him to do some hard talking, both in public and in private, about his own intentions. He made it clear he was in the race to stay and those who were ready to go with him bought the argument.

Senator McCarthy has an even more serious problem with labor. Of all the states, California is the most dependent on the military-industrial-labor complex for its prosperity (it received $2.1 billion in missile and space contracts in 1967 or 17.9 percent of the national total) and the effect of the war in Vietnam in bolstering the aerospace industry isn't lost on the average union members dependent upon these contracts for a job. In 1966, for instance, the healthy condition of this industry in the San Fernando Valley played an important role in the reelection of Rep. James Corman (D, Calif.) by a record 13,000-vote majority. Against the background of lots of jobs, open housing and the prayer amendment faded in importance among his constituents.

Obviously, Senator McCarthy will have a difficult job reaching these voters by a strictly intellectual appeal, as Adlai E. Stevenson discovered to his dismay twice in the fifties. However, McCarthy has one advantage. LBJ has a credibility gap with voters at every level that Dwight D. Eisenhower, the father figure, did not.

Nevertheless, McCarthy could draw encouragement from his private meetings with labor. Roughly 25 such leaders met with him at breakfast in Los Angeles, some of them "key" men in the California labor movement. It was arranged by such men as Leonard Levy and Harry Bloch of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, Paul Schrade of the United Auto Workers and Bud Simonson of the Packinghouse Workers. Some will soon be on his steering committee.

Still, this is at a leadership level.

The style Senator McCarthy insists on – direct, honest and unemotional – can be a real asset in one respect. It contrasts nicely with President Johnson's new-found flamboyance, the general distrust the public has of a man given to manipulating the voters by every conceivable kind of issue-creating, dramatic indulgence known to politics. Then there is the heavy hand of Texas-style politics, a standard part of every Democratic Party gathering this year.

At Fresno, it involved "Vietnam Position No. 2." Prior to the conference in Fresno (it wasn't a state central committee meeting but drew from every level of the party organization), State Chairman Charles Warren had named a Democratic Advisory Committee with task forces to study various issues, including foreign policy. Each was to report to the conference. Unexpectedly, the foreign policy task force wrote an anti-Vietnam statement in its pre-conference sessions (the last vote taken on this was 15-10 in favor of the anti-Vietnam statement) and sent it to the Democratic State Committee to be mimeographed. Once in Fresno, Senator Richards, who headed the task force, discovered a "Vietnam Position No. 2" had been added to the report without the knowledge of the task force members.

Richards and his colleagues on the task force (including Harry Ashmore of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, who chairs the Democratic Advisory Committee) didn't object to a minority report. But they objected bitterly to the subterfuge involved in adding to the report.

Warren, in a subsequent press conference, took full responsibility, claiming that he had polled members of the task force not present for the 15-10 vote and that, as a result, the pro-Administration Vietnam position was "actually favored by a majority of the committee." Then another interesting development surfaced. Warren said the task force on foreign policy had some 50 members whereas Ashmore, chairman of the full committee, said he never knew of more than 35.

The story is obvious. Warren, who is highly regarded even by McCarthy supporters, came under heavy pressure via the White House and enlarged the committee, which he has the authority to do, sufficiently to produce a pro-Administration majority. The *Los Angeles Times* reported that Eugene Wyman, the Democratic National Committee member and LBJ intimate, applied the pressure for this after hearing from the White House.

Again, it was a gauche procedural tactic. Somehow, one knows that Senator McCarthy wouldn't operate this way.

McCarthy's biggest problem during his six-day swing was with the people who want to support him but also want to be fired up by their candidate. After his

COMING: *Ronald Reagan's performance at Yale – a report on the politics of theatre*

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appearance at a public rally sponsored by the "peace slate" steering committee, which has endorsed McCarthy, a young man was asked if he'd still work as hard after hearing a rather flat talk. He replied: "My mind will but my emotions won't." Translated into political realities, he confessed it meant he would ring as many doorbells.

However, that is January talk.

Even more serious was the crimp it put into the money-raising efforts of McCarthy's local workers. He came home with $75,000 to $100,000, a sizable chunk. But it might have been doubled or even tripled if he had given some of his audiences what they wanted – a little jazzed-up emotion they could applaud. Perhaps the best example of this was a fund raiser ($25 per person) that drew 200 to 250 people, many of them in the movie industry, at the Beverly Hilton on Friday night. McCarthy's talk was short and diffident. An aide explained he was "turned off" by meeting many of the same people he'd just met with at a private cocktail party. The result: checkbooks closed all over the place. Unfortunately, it was a crowd that could have backed up every $25 ticket with a check of $500 to $1,000.

Much the same thing happened earlier at a luncheon that drew 1,200 women at $10 each. They, too, could have backed up the price of a ticket with a substantial donation. But they were given no applause lines.

This wasn't always the case. Senator McCarthy shines in a question and answer period, particularly before a student audience. He was well received at UCLA, a "moderate" school compared to the Berkeley campus, and at Stanford University, where the largest hall available was jammed with 2,000 students with hundreds listening outside. Students, too, like to applaud and take every opportunity to do so. But they seem to sense his courage, as illustrated by his actions at Stanford. Only a few days before his arrival, word spread that Dr. Robert McAfee Brown, described by a Stanford student as "the closest thing to a campus *guru*," had been contacted by the FBI for questioning on his public statements on Vietnam and the draft.

It wasn't unnoticed by the students that Senator McCarthy did not hesitate to attend a luncheon for himself co-hosted by Dr. Brown, or that he repeatedly called the indictment of Dr. Benjamin Spock and others "inexcusable" on his swing through California, or that he spoke out for a system of "selective conscientious objection" from the draft.

If Senator McCarthy had problems, it is nothing compared to those faced by LBJ's supporters in trying to put together and finance a campaign. There is little indication of any enthusiasm, even in the party hierarchy, for President Johnson. In fact, private quotes of top people in the Johnson camp to a law partner, a friend or a member of the family downgrading LBJ are heard everywhere.

Lynch, who will head the ticket, declines to be involved either in organization or money raising for the ticket. Only Brown, who has never had notable success in either role, is trying. Wyman lacks a constituency outside his Hollywood money base and at least two major factions of the party – Unruh's legislative lobby group and Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty's conservative bloc – are still unhitched at this late date.

However, the first poll to be published since Senator McCarthy entered the race is ominous. Taken by Don Muchmore for the *Los Angeles Times*, it finds a Lynch slate swamping a McCarthy slate 63-18 with 19 percent undecided, LBJ favored 73-18 over Senator McCarthy and 49-43 over RFK. Coming on the heels of the six-day swing, it could complicate Senator McCarthy's efforts in the state.

Based on a five-point plus or minus rating, Senator McCarthy would probably emerge with a plus 1.5 to two from his first swing through the state, not as much as his supporters would like to see considering the obstacles confronting him, but not too bad when measured against the difficulties inherent in the situation.

On the plus side, one must concede:

► The beginnings of a substantial organization anchored in the "respectable" liberal middle plus the potential of further important additions– Rep. Phil Burton (D, Calif.), for instance, may join the slate later, according to persons close to him – before the campaign really gets under way. Equally important is the fact that McCarthy did not get involved in a bitter mechanical dispute with the steering committee of the "peace slate," which agreed to work out any problems with Senator McCarthy's own steering committee, which will overlap considerably.

► A modest beginning in fund raising, though short of the potential, makes it possible to take care of structural needs such as headquarters, etc.

► The interest in Senator McCarthy's campaign is much broader in California than initially expected. For instance, his national finance co-chairman, June Oppen Degnan of San Francisco, sent out 53 telegrams to cultural, business and civic leaders inviting them to have breakfast with McCarthy and 44 attended – including Felix Warburg of the "Our Crowd" family and Grace Kennan McClatchey.

► Perhaps most important, there was growing respect for his style among some who admitted to sharing the regret and reluctance over his candidacy that set in shortly after his announcement.

One supporter put it this way: "I'm beginning to become impressed with his low-key style and rational presentation. It may be a unique style that may be just

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the counterpoint needed for the Johnson flamboyance."

But such voices are still few and far between.

Additionally, there are growing signs that large numbers, perhaps as many as half or more, of the people who registered with the Peace and Freedom Party to give it a place on the ballot will re-register after January 20 to vote for Senator McCarthy in the primary.

This is possible without endangering the P & F spot on the ballot once it is certified.

On the negative side, there are two major points:

► Perhaps most important is the slowness with which Senator McCarthy is escalating his campaign to embrace issues other than Vietnam. This is particularly bothersome for those who wish to see him take a firmer stand on the problems of the ghettos, for instance. However, McCarthy isn't about to step precipitously into any issue until he weighs it carefully and is certain his stand is honest.

► Finally, of course, there is the almost universal desire of his supporters that he "jazz up" his campaign. For instance, Vice President Hubert Humphrey got a far better response in Fresno with his highly emotional, cliché-ridden pitch than Senator McCarthy did with a more reasoned approach. This upset the McCarthy camp. It may recover.

Tonkin Gulf Attack

A Case Study in How Not to Go to War

by John Finney

It may seem strange that Mark Twain should be having an impact on the Senate's running debate on Vietnam, but this is what has been happening in a crucial, potentially explosive argument between the Administration and Senator J. W. Fulbright, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The argument concerns what happened on August 4, 1964 in the Gulf of Tonkin – the day that the United States went to war against North Vietnam.

Almost 70 years ago, in an analogous situation, Mark Twain poured forth an indictment of the deceptions practiced by the McKinley Administration in the Spanish-American War and the ensuing Philippine insurrection. These days, in his book-strewn office, Senator Fulbright rereads the Twain indictment in a book entitled *On the Damned Human Race*, and from it tries to draw guidance on how far to go in challenging the Administration on the Tonkin incident.

There is an odd historical parallel between the sinking of the *Maine* and the Gulf of Tonkin affair. Just as the sinking of the *Maine* led to war, our adventure in imperialism in the Pacific and moral doubts and deep division within the Republican Party, so did the Gulf of Tonkin incident lead to an expanded war in Vietnam and now to moral uncertainties and divisions within the Democratic Party. There is also a personal parallel between the stance taken by Thomas B. (Boss) Reed, who resigned as Speaker of the House in protest against imperialistic actions of the McKinley Administration and the position being assumed by Senator Fulbright that could cause him to directly challenge the integrity of the Johnson Administration. Whether Senator Fulbright will go so far as to accuse the Administration of deception remains undecided. But short of that, he is building up an indictment accusing the Administration of reacting too precipitately and of committing the nation to war on the basis of inconclusive information.

There has always been an air of uncertainty about what happened August 4, 1964 in the Gulf of Tonkin. On that day, in a confused, nighttime engagement some 65 miles off the North Vietnam coast, two American destroyers – the *Maddox* and the *Turner Joy* – reported they were attacked by North Vietnamese PT boats. Within 12 hours after the first report, the Johnson Administration had decided upon a series of fateful steps. It ordered the bombing of targets in North Vietnam, went to Congress for a resolution endorsing

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"all necessary measures" to prevent further aggression, and began the massive buildup of American military power in South Vietnam and Thailand. All these moves added up to a declaration of war against North Vietnam, at least as the war-making power is now being interpreted by the executive branch. As Undersecretary of State Katzenbach was to acknowledge later, the Administration's actions and the congressional resolution amounted to a "functional equivalent" of a declaration of war.

Leaving aside the Vietnam debate, this raises some disturbing questions about how the United States goes to war in this modern era of "limited" wars. What information was available to the Administration and did it conclusively show that there had been a North Vietnamese attack? How did the Administration's much vaunted command-and-control system, designed to avoid an impetuous reaction in the nuclear age, work in the Gulf of Tonkin incident? Did it provide ample intelligence to reach considered decisions, or were men carried away by the rush of events and a predisposition to push the war to the north? Was it absolutely necessary to react within 12 hours, or would it have been possible and preferable to put off a decision, allowing time to reevaluate the information and to consult with Congress?

Somehow, in the emotionalism of the moment, these questions were not asked, even by the critics of our Vietnam policy. But they are being asked now. And even if the Fulbright inquiry never gets beyond a committee staff study, it already has had the significant result of forcing the Administration to make public evidence supporting its conclusion that American destroyers had been subjected to "deliberate attack" in international waters.

A few weeks ago, in rebuttal to Senator Fulbright, the Defense Department issued a statement asserting that the "evidence that the destroyers were attacked is conclusive." It made available the following pieces of evidence to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and to the press:

► radar tracks of fast, small craft paralleling and then closing in on the destroyers *Maddox* and *Turner Joy*;

► numerous sonar detections of torpedoes fired at the destroyers, reported by the sonar man who manned the *Maddox's* equipment throughout the attack;

► visual sighting by an officer and several crewmen of the wake of a torpedo passing near the *Turner Joy*;

► visual sighting of the attacking craft, lit by aircraft flares and by illuminating shells fired during the engagement;

► visual sighting of anti-aircraft fire directed at American planes overhead;

► visual sighting from aircraft of the wake of a small, fast craft near the destroyers.

Of all the evidence, the most direct and conclusive was the sighting of a torpedo wake which, according to Pentagon accounts, passed some 300 feet off the port beam of the *Turner Joy*. The only difficulty with this piece of evidence, however, was a subsequent admission by a Pentagon spokesman that it was not available when the retaliatory decision was made, but rather was obtained in post-incident affidavits! Similarly, information about visual sighting by aircraft of a small craft maneuvering near the destroyers was not obtained until after the decision had been made.

With these pieces of direct, eyewitness evidence eliminated, the Defense Department's case rests largely on indirect evidence obtained by radar and sonar. As detection devices, radar and sonar can be remarkably accurate systems, but they also have ways of playing tricks on their human operators.

Take the radar evidence, for example. Among Navy men who have operated in the area, the Tonkin Gulf is notorious as an electronic jungle, filled with sampans, fish stakes and even flocks of birds that are capable of giving deceptive returns on radar screens. And, significantly, there are various indications that radar had been playing tricks on that cloudy, stormy night. Early in the engagement, the *Maddox* reported picking up three unidentified aircraft that then disappeared from the radar screen. The aircraft "bogeys" remain a mystery, but it is not inconceivable that the radar was picking up low-flying formations of birds. Or perhaps the radar, because of peculiar atmospheric conditions that are not uncommon in the Gulf of Tonkin, had been bouncing over the horizon, picking up distant objects that showed up on the radar as approaching, moving objects. There are reports that such "ducting" conditions prevailed that night in the Gulf. There was also the peculiarity – reported last summer in a commendable but largely overlooked Associated Press inquiry into the incident – that at the height of the "attack," the *Maddox's* radar could not find the targets that the *Turner Joy* was firing at.

Assume, however, for the sake of the Defense Department's argument, that radar was working correctly that night, picking up small, fast craft that first paralleled the course of the two destroyers and then turned in on them. Normally these are the maneuvers followed by PT boats when launching a torpedo attack. But are such maneuvers proof of an attack, particularly enough proof to warrant going to war? At most, it would seem that the radar evidence showed that the boats were engaging in harassing or even menacing maneuvers.

The evidence of attack available to the Adminis-

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tration at the time of its retaliatory decision, therefore, seems to be reduced to the sonar detection of "numerous" torpedoes fired at the destroyers. If radar has limitations, sonar, in comparison, is notoriously unreliable and deceptive, as any sonar operator who has mistaken a whale for a submarine can attest. In contrast to radar which is working with a relatively stable atmosphere, sonar works in the ever-changing medium of water, in which variations in water temperature can do peculiar things to the sonar beam and what it "hears." Furthermore, destroyer sonar beams are aimed primarily at detecting deeply submerged objects, such as submarines, not objects running near the surface, like torpedoes. Combined with all its inherent limitations, therefore, sonar has considerable difficulty detecting a relatively small, fast-moving torpedo running only some 10 or 20 feet beneath the surface. And to add to the difficulties is the presumed speed of the destroyers. At the time of the engagement the *Turner Joy* and *Maddox*, according to testimony by Defense Secretary McNamara, were engaging in evasive maneuvers, which presumably means that in addition to turning about, they were steaming at high speed. But as the speed of a destroyer goes up, its sonar detection capabilities decrease because of the noise and turbulence that builds up from the water swishing by the sonar dome mounted beneath the hull. In fact, after a speed of 17 to 20 knots, a destroyer has virtually no sonar detection capability, and it is a good guess that the *Maddox* and *Turner Joy* were going at least that fast if they were attempting to evade attack by PT boats.

There are some indications that the destroyers encountered just such difficulties in their sonar operations. The torpedoes, for example, were detected only by the *Maddox* and not by the *Turner Joy* – a fact which the Defense Department now explains away by saying that pre-incident tests had shown the *Turner Joy's* sonar was not picking up torpedoes. Furthermore, again according to the Associated Press interview with crew members, the *Maddox* was picking up "torpedoes" every time it turned, raising the possibility that the sonar was detecting only turbulence from the propellers of the *Maddox* or the *Turner Joy*, some 1,000 yards astern.

What is left of Pentagon evidence is, one, the visual sighting of the North Vietnamese craft – although the Defense Department is vague on how many craft were seen and by whom – and, secondly, the searchlight beam from one of the patrol boats. But at most, this evidence shows there were North Vietnamese boats in the vicinity, but does not prove they were attacking.

This rebuttal to the Administration case is not intended to suggest there was no attack at all, although such a suspicion initially occurred to Senator Fulbright and launched him on his inquiry. All of the evidence the Administration has gathered since the resolution – including the reported sighting of a torpedo wake – tends to support its initial conclusion of an attack. On the other side, however, are the doubts raised by the statements from Hanoi. The North Vietnamese government acknowledged an earlier attack on August 2 against the *Maddox*, but dismissed the second attack as a "myth," created by the United States to justify its expansion of the war. Why should Hanoi have told the truth about the first but lied about the second? Or was it lying in the second instance?

Assuming the second attack did take place, there still remains the question of how conclusive was the evidence when the Administration ordered the retaliation. On the basis of the case presented by the Administration thus far, it appears that the decision was made largely if not wholly on the basis of circumstantial evidence that at best provided presumptive but by no means conclusive proof of an attack. Even Defense officials who have examined all the evidence acknowledge privately that some of the initial reports on which the Administration based its decision were erroneous or exaggerated. Testifying before the Senate Foreign Relations and Armed Services Committee on August 6, for example, Secretary McNamara stated flatly that between three and six North Vietnamese patrol boats had attacked the *Maddox* and *Turner Joy*, launching "a number of torpedoes" and directing "automatic weapons fire" at the destroyers. The Defense Department no longer is talking about automatic weapons fire, because, as it explains, it has no confirming evidence. In fact, it appears that in the confusion, the Pentagon may have mistaken reports about antiaircraft fire against aircraft for machine gun fire against the destroyers. And somehow with the detachment of time, the number of attacking craft and torpedoes has decreased. Now Defense Department officials are talking about three or four boats which fired "perhaps two but more likely one" torpedo.

Post-mortems into the Tonkin incident come too late, obviously, to reverse the tide of events that began on August 4, 1964. Nobody is more aware of this than Senator Fulbright, who, in a mood of moral agonizing, appreciates that in time of war he cannot go too far in seeming to impugn the integrity of the Administration. But in terms of future military incidents, which are bound to arise, the Fulbright inquiry raises some profound questions about the decision-making procedures followed by the executive branch.

In the years since the Kennedy Administration, the Defense Department has placed considerable emphasis on development of a command-and-control system de-

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signed precisely to prevent events from overtaking decisions. After the Gulf of Tonkin incident, one wonders whether a system has not been created which is capable of overtaking and overwhelming the decision-makers in one fell swoop. Because of the elaborate communications that have been set up as part of the command-and-control system, a blow-by-blow report of the engagement poured in by radio to the Pentagon. And in turn, the Pentagon deluged the two destroyers with messages, some of which were not answered until after the retaliatory decision had been made. Obviously there was no lack in the volume of reports placed in front of the decision-makers, all checked and rechecked according to the Defense Department. But there remained the problem of interpreting and evaluating "flash" reports coming in from destroyer commanders caught up in the confusion and frenzy of a nighttime encounter. It is here that the element of human judgment in the command-and-control system came into play – and seemed to fail.

There are indications that the Department itself had reservations about the operations of its command-and-control system, for after the incident the Pentagon's Weapons System Evaluation Group made a secret study into "The Operations of the Command-and-Control System in the Gulf of Tonkin Incidents." Who ordered the study and why, the Department won't say.

Perhaps the Pentagon had secret intelligence, obtained from monitored North Vietnamese radio messages, confirming that an attack had been ordered. If so, this information has yet to be revealed to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and the Administration's actions, therefore, must be judged on the basis of the evidence it has made public.

Why, in exercising human judgment, did the Administration interpret what would seem on the face of it to be circumstantial evidence as substantial enough to warrant an all-out retaliatory attack by two Navy carriers? Perhaps the system, by its very capability of flashing instantaneous reports into the decision-makers in the command post, has given an aura of undue authenticity to its information. After all, why should one question information gathered by impersonal electronic gadgets, encrypted by electronic gadgets and flashed by electronic gadgets to the desks of officials thousands of miles away? If that were the case, it would be the supreme political irony of the computerized approach to decision-making that Mr. McNamara has installed in the Pentagon.

Or perhaps there was an inclination to interpret the information in light of a prevailing disposition within the Administration to carry the war to the north, with the PT boat attack providing an excuse for attacking North Vietnam. At the time, remember, the Saigon government of General Nguyen Khanh was tottering and the South Vietnamese military effort was in danger of being overwhelmed. It is interesting, for example, that the first reaction of the Administration after receiving the initial report of the attack from the *Maddox* at about 9:30 a.m. (Washington time) was to send an "alert" order to the *Ticonderoga* and the *Constellation* for a retaliatory raid against North Vietnam, although the "execute" order was not sent until some 12 hours later after the attack had been "verified," according to the Defense Department.

On the basis of the evidence available, it is not possible to challenge the integrity of the Administration by suggesting it provoked the Tonkin incidents in order to find an excuse for attacking North Vietnam, although there are some suspicious but circumstantial signs pointing in that direction. Prior to the August 2 attack, for example, the *Maddox*, which according to Mr. McNamara's account was on "routine patrol" in international waters, had been criss-crossing in and out of the 12-mile territorial waters claimed by Hanoi. It apparently was on a "spoofing" expedition to monitor North Vietnamese radars and radio communications. In addition, during the daylight hours preceding the August 4 attack, the *Maddox* and *Turner Joy* had steamed straight for North Vietnamese territorial waters before turning out to sea at dusk.

It is possible, however, to challenge the quality of judgment shown by the Administration in evaluating and reacting to the incidents in both a prospective and retroactive sense. It is in the prospective sense that Senator Fulbright is now attempting to cast his inquiry. After all, the Gulf of Tonkin incident most certainly will not be the last incident involving American ships or planes, and his concern is that the nation not be drawn into future military involvements for lack of considered political decisions.

From the senatorial perspective, however, the issue goes deeper than the command-and-control system of the executive branch and involves the constitutional power of Congress to declare war and to commit the nation to foreign military hostilities. Perhaps, as Mr. Katzenbach argued before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, this power is "outmoded" in limited war situations. But one wonders whether the Administration would have acted so quickly and so forcefully in the Gulf of Tonkin incident if it had first gone to Congress with all its information. Senators may not understand radar, sonar or command-and-control, but often because of their naïveté they can intuitively ask searching questions. Long before the miracles of electronics, this point was understood by the founding fathers who after all set up the separation of powers as their own command-and-control system over the executive branch.

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Neither Gold Nor the Dollar

by Robert Triffin

The devaluation of the pound might have opened a new era in monetary cooperation. For the first time in history, *meaningful* international consultations determined the new rate, prevented a spiraling of mutually defeating devaluations by other major countries, and elicited from them large credits in support of the new rate. It could have been a great step forward in our groping for a new monetary order. Instead it unleashed an unprecedented wave of speculation and even greater doubts as to the survival of our international monetary system. Why?

Market analysts take note of the failure of the devaluation to restore full confidence in the pound and bring back to London a substantial portion of the short-term funds that flew from it in the preceding weeks, months, or years. They see speculative unrest spreading from the pound to other currencies, and particularly to the dollar. Private gold purchases appear to have risen to record levels of possibly $1 billion, or more, in the month following the pound devaluation. Who is to blame? And how long can this last without forcing an official, or unofficial, increase in the price of gold?

President de Gaulle kindly offers himself as a convenient scapegoat for what happened. He started his gold purchases several years ago, allowed – or stimulated? – press leaks that alarmed speculators, refused to cooperate fully with others in financing the remedies which the US favored to get itself out of the hole. Others blame the British for having waited too long, and for having bungled by not closing the exchange market on the day preceding devaluation, rather than on the following Monday. They ascribe the new wave of speculation which rocked the market from December 11 through December 18 to an unprecedented gate-crashing of the closed club, or Mecca, of central bankers – the Bank for International Settlements – by our Undersecretary of the Treasury, and to rumored US proposals to seek agreement on various ways to close speculators' access to gold at the present price, thus inducing them to scurry before the door was locked in their face. The new and drastic US balance-of-payments program unveiled January 1 was obviously timed to ward off a further speculative wave that might otherwise have been expected from the public announcement of the unprecedented gold drain from Fort Knox in December – $925 million in a month.

All this makes fascinating copy for newspapers but throws little light on the basic issues that will determine the ultimate outcome of the present crisis: the death throes of the present gold-exchange standard, aggravated and accelerated by the huge and persistent deficits of the two countries whose *national* currencies serve as *international* reserves for others, *i.e.* the United Kingdom, and primarily today the United States.

The gold-exchange standard is dead or dying, but nothing else has taken its place yet.

It rested uneasily yesterday on two sources of supply for needed increases in the world reserve pool, essential to sustain desirable and feasible rates of expansion in world trade and production: (1) gold, and (2) gold-convertible foreign exchange. Both have dried up in recent years.

Gold used to provide three-fourths, or more, of global reserve increases. In spite of increasing USSR sales, its contribution dropped to only one-fourth in 1960-1964, and has now become negative. Indeed it was already negative even before the recent speculative wave. In the last twelve months for which estimates are available (July 1966 through June 1967), private purchases by industry, jewelers, dentists, hoarders and speculators ($1.7 billion) exceeded the total supplies coming to the market from new gold production in official gold holdings. Last month's events will, of course, dig further – probably by $1 billion or more – into the world pool of monetary gold.

Gold-convertible foreign exchange thus provided the lion's share of new reserve increases: 65 percent of the total over the years 1960-1964. These foreign exchange reserves are overwhelmingly made up of dollar

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IOU's. They were at first accepted – or even eagerly looked for – by other countries, because they carried substantial interest earnings, unavailable on gold metal, and could be converted at will into gold by their holders, without any embarrassment.

This system was killed, several years ago, by our brilliant Undersecretary of the Treasury, Mr. Roosa, when he was forced – for very good reasons – to appeal to "international cooperation" in order to apply the brakes on gold conversions which might topple the system by raiding the gold cellars of Fort Knox. In 1949, these were overflowing with about $25.5 billion of gold and another $1.5 billion of net claims on the International Monetary Fund, while our gold-convertible debt to foreign central banks barely exceeded $3 billion. In the following years, our net monetary reserves dropped gradually from their 1949 peak ($22.8 billion) to $10.9 billion in 1959 and *minus* $3.2 billion in June of last year. The net reserves of both reserve centers together – the United States and the United Kingdom – and of the other countries were about equal (approximately $17 billion) in 1949, but the first had dropped by mid-1967 to *minus* $9 billion or $10 billion, while the second had risen to well over $50 billion.

Sterling, and even the dollar, no longer looked quite "as good as gold," and foreign countries became increasingly reluctant to pile up more – and less and less easily "gold-convertible" – sterling and dollar IOU's. They were more and more inclined instead to convert them into gold, if they could or dared, or in gold-guaranteed claims on the International Monetary Fund. In the last two and half years – from the end of 1964 through mid-1967 – they converted the entirety of their current reserve gains ($4.4 billion in round figures) and some ($0.2 billion of their previously accumulated foreign exchange holdings into gold ($2.4 billion) and claims on the IMF ($2.1 billion). Foreign exchange liquidation by developed countries even reached the huge total of $2.8 billion ($0.8 billion by France and $2 billion by other countries).

Events have thus dramatically confirmed the reluctant and belated recognition by the official negotiators of the Group of Ten and the IMF that neither gold nor gold-convertible foreign exchange could be safely relied upon to sustain indefinitely the world reserve requirements of expanding levels of world trade and production. Indeed, now that both of these traditional sources of reserve increases have become negative, reliance on them threatens not only to unleash deflationary pressures or mutually defeating trade restrictions on the world economy, but also to destroy the stability of the two currencies which used to prop up the gold-exchange standard.

Four years of arduous negotiations finally succeeded, at the Rio de Janeiro meeting of the IMF, last September, in producing a blueprint for the deliberate creation of a truly international reserve asset, in the amounts necessary to supplement vanishing supplies of gold and foreign exchange reserves. This agreement, however, must still be written out in legal form and hatched – ratified – by scores of congresses and parliaments. And when the new bird finally breaks out of its shell, a special provision will still forbid it to fly, or even to walk until the United States and the United Kingdom have succeeded in diminishing substantially – or even eliminated entirely and durably – their huge and persistent reserve deficits.

I ventured to predict at the time that the Rio Agreement would do little or nothing to solve the more immediate problems raised by the storm already raging around the pound sterling, and by the tidal wave of bearish dollar speculation and bullish gold speculation which a sterling devaluation might unleash upon the world. I added optimistically, however, that these forthcoming crises would impel new international rescue operations which might finally force us to deal realistically with the problem which the negotiators had bravely tried to sweep under the carpet – the relationship of the proposed new reserve asset to the former ones, the role which gold, dollars and sterling would continue to play in future reserve creation, and particularly the inherent vulnerability of the system to sudden or massive conversions from foreign exchange into gold.

The much heralded opposition of views between the United States and France, which had blocked agreement for so long, revolved on this issue. The US wanted, basically, to discourage the conversion of dollars into gold, but wished also to preserve as far as possible our chances to finance at least part of our future deficits through further dollar accumulation by foreign central banks, up to undetermined amounts. As long as we maintain that position, it will be difficult either to exact from European governments precise commitments for the creation and absorption of new reserve assets which might conceivably add to already excessive and inflationary levels of dollar accumulation, or to erect jointly appropriate safeguards against sudden or massive liquidation into gold of dollar reserves currently accruing to foreign central banks or already accumulated by them over the long years of functioning of the gold-exchange standard.

These financial disagreements have now been compounded by the political implications of continued dollar accumulation by foreign central banks. Our Secretary of the Treasury called for such accumulation, particularly by the surplus countries of Continental Europe, as an indispensable cooperation for the financing of our direct investments abroad and of the de-

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fense of the "free world" not only in Europe, but also in Vietnam. Negotiations aiming at offsetting the foreign exchange costs of the stationing of our troops in Germany ended up, last March, with a German "declaration of intention" promising apparently broader and unlimited dollar accumulation and retention to avoid undesirable disturbances in the gold markets. Substantial increases of foreign exchange reserves since last March, not only in Germany ($172 million through November), but also in Italy ($845 million), Belgium ($307 million), the Netherlands ($274 million), etc., in sharp contrast to previous reductions, suggest that similar bargaining pressures may have been exercised on these countries to bolster up their flagging interest in dollar accumulation and to deter them from excessive gold conversions.

We may be slipping unwittingly, by gradual steps whose ultimate outcome is hardly suspected – as in our Vietnam escalation – toward a most radical solution of our balance-of-payments difficulties. Influential banking voices have recently joined the chorus of academic writers calling for a demonetization of that barbarous relic: gold. We could do this unilaterally, by suspending formally gold purchases as well as gold sales, or, more informally, by raising various forms of restrictions – on capital, and even on current account transactions – against countries which insist on cashing their dollars for gold. Many countries might then prefer – according to this reasoning – to finance our deficits through unlimited dollar accumulation, since their refusal to buy and retain the dollar overflows would either expose their industries to severe US restrictions, or to unbearable competition with US producers whose costs would be slashed by the depreciation of the dollar in terms of their own currency. Other instruments of persuasion could even be brought into play, if necessary: sharp cuts in our foreign aid to some, in our military supplies to others, etc. The discriminations established by our new balance-of-payments program between three groups of countries might easily indicate a further, major step along this road, as they may induce countries to escape or alleviate our restrictions – shifting their status from "hell" to "purgatory" or "heaven" – by agreeing to limit their dollar conversions, or even to sell us gold against piling up dollar IOU's.

We could easily repeat in this manner the disastrous experience of Britain with her sterling area. We could force even more countries into a dollar area, large enough to absolve us of any future worries about our balance of payments.

At least, for a while! And at the cost, sooner or later, of a renewal of the divisive and destructive international monetary and economic chaos of the 1930's. Public opinion would soon awaken – or be awakened – to the political implications of such a system, *i.e.* the forcible financing by foreign central banks and their nationals of whatever deficits we may incur in pursuing policies unilaterally decided by us, even if these policies entered into conflict with their own views of world interests, or of their own national interests.

It is true that we similarly financed, in the Marshall Plan and early NATO days, the huge deficits of the European countries. These deficits, however, were associated with policies on which we all agreed: the reconstruction of a Europe ruined by the Second World War and left as a tempting prey for Stalinist aggression or subversion. It is abundantly clear that many Europeans do not agree today with the policies of our Administration in Vietnam, and that some of them strongly object to what they regard as an excessive penetration, or take-over, of their industries by American capital. They may be wrong, but it would be highly unrealistic to expect them to finance indefinitely policies on which they have not been consulted and with which they must at times deeply disagree.

The ultimate outcome of such short-sighted US policies could only be to arouse sharp political, as well as economic, divisions between the United States and Europe, as well as many other countries. More and more countries would desert, sooner or later, the dollar area, and erect compensatory barriers against the "foreign-exchange dumping" associated with the downward drift of a floating dollar – no longer supported by central bank purchases – in the exchange market. Economic warfare *à la* the 1930's between a new gold bloc and a shrinking dollar-sterling bloc would replace the economic cooperation that has assured our joint prosperity ever since the end of World War II.

The agreement reached at the Hague between the EEC countries, and later expanded into the Rio Agreement of last September, was largely a sane, last-minute reaction to the abyss which was opening before the eyes of the negotiators as a result of the unreasonable and incompatible so-called "negotiating positions" previously adopted by France and the United States. Substantial concessions by the French rallied unanimity within the European Economic Community in favor of solutions acceptable to the United States, and far preferable to the "undermining" of the international monetary system alluded to by Secretary Fowler.

Having agreed, however, on the need for a new reserve asset, we should now try to accelerate – or anticipate – its creation, not so much to expand present levels of world liquidity, but to prevent their contraction through flights into gold by either speculators or central banks or both.

The new reserve asset can be made vastly more attractive to central banks, and more acceptable to their

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politicians and public opinion, than mere sterling or dollar IOU's. Contrary to widespread opinion, it can also be made as safe for them as gold itself.

As long as it is not available, however, for reserve accumulation, and as long as the practical choice for reserve holders remains constricted to either gold or dollars, President de Gaulle will not be alone in preferring gold, especially as our absurd and immoral venture in Vietnam perpetuates deficits of several billion dollars a year in our balance of payments.

The most urgent task confronting us at this juncture is not so much to expand immediately the world reserve pool; it is to arrest the contraction now triggered by wild flights into gold by speculators whom central bankers themselves might imitate tomorrow if they finally lost their nerve. The way to do this is *not* to close the private gold market, thereby transferring its activities to black or gray markets as in the late 1940's and early 1950's. It is to warn speculators that central banks no longer need gold as their ultimate reserve asset, are ready to use instead a new reserve asset jointly created and managed by them, and are therefore able and willing to dump in free gold markets the billions of dollars of sterile gold which they now hold.

This may well correspond to the ultimate objectives of the new gold pool plans rumored to have been proposed at Basle by Undersecretary of the Treasury Deming earlier this month. To make such proposals truly negotiable, however, we must stop overplaying our hand as we have done so often, and at such costs.

We cannot realistically expect to negotiate any agreement that would permit us to elude indefinitely the correction of our persistent balance-of-payments deficits either through bilateral palming-off of further dollar IOU's on foreign central banks, or through large and automatic earmarking in our favor (26 percent) of the new reserve asset proposed at Rio, but which is unlikely to see the light of day as long as our deficits continue on the present scale. We might be forced, *like other countries*, to accelerate the re-equilibration of our accounts, and to finance our tapering-off deficits through gold losses and recourse to our still huge drawing rights ($5.5 billion) on the International Monetary Fund. We can, on the other hand, reasonably expect to negotiate an agreement protecting us against the danger of massive conversions into gold of the huge indebtedness incurred by us over the last half century of this absurd Monte Carlo roulette game dignified under the name of "gold-exchange standard."

I am deeply convinced that the US national interests, as well as those of the world, will be served far better in this way than by protracted delays and ultimate failure of negotiating aims unacceptable to other countries, or by short-sighted attempts to extract unlimited financing from reluctant partners in any "dollar area" scheme, or by the monetary chaos and economic warfare which either of these techniques would be bound to unleash in the end.

The new restrictions announced by the Administration on January 1 are primarily a hurried response to an immediate concern: plug the dramatically widening gold leak from Fort Knox. They may do so in the short run, even though the *net* "improvement" to be expected from them is likely to remain far short of the $3 billion optimistically aimed at. Direct investments financed abroad are exempt from the ceilings established, but much of this financing will come from foreign funds withdrawn from New York, or which otherwise have been placed in New York. Moreover, our hopes of improving our balance by $3 billion and Britain's hopes of improving its balance by $1.2 billion are unlikely to be matched by an accepted deterioration of $4.2 billion either in Continental Europe, whose surpluses totaled less than $700 million in the first three quarters of last year, or in the rest of the world where they barely reached $350 million. New troubles and spiraling of restrictions are likely to be forced upon other countries by our measures, just as they were forced upon us by the aftermath of the British devaluation.

As for our own longer run aims and policies, the new program confirms, but does not resolve, the dilemma highlighted above:

1. It can – and I hope should – be interpreted as a laudable and long overdue attempt to pave the way for a quicker and fuller agreement on a negotiable plan for international monetary reform, by meeting the European objections to our huge and persistent deficits. It even centers our proposed measures on an effort to reduce drastically the splurge of direct investments which some of them have denounced as a "take-over" of their industrial establishment by American capital.

2. The plan could also be interpreted, however, as a further move toward a "dollar area" solution, discriminating *in favor* of the countries which refrain from converting their dollars into gold – *i.e.* the underdeveloped countries, the United Kingdom, Canada, Japan, Australia, etc. – and *against* those, "principally Continental Western Europe," which refuse to finance our deficits in this way.

I suspect that the Administration itself remains deeply divided as to which of these two directions it will take in the forthcoming months. It might be forced into the second if the surplus countries of Continental Western Europe failed to respond constructively to the first. An international solution to what is, after all, an international problem will require their cooperation as well as ours. Neither is ensured as yet.

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Stanley Kauffmann

The Challenge of Success

"The occupational hazard of the literary intellectual is to believe that he is redeemed by consciousness," writes Norman Podhoretz. Another hazard is his hope that his very consciousness of that first hazard may safeguard him. This is not entirely possible, as Podhoretz himself demonstrates in this early autobiography.* It tells of his progress from Brownsville, the (formerly) Jewish section of Brooklyn that had been Alfred Kazin country, to the editorship of *Commentary* at the age of 30. Very little of the book is malevolent, and much of it is pertinent; its main defects are in scale (how high is up?) and in rigorous clarity – both about himself and others.

I want to dwell first on the merits of the book, which, if advance cocktail-party chat is an index, run some risk of being overlooked. If Podhoretz had written an essay on his theme or had used a reference other than himself, not out of modesty but out of soundness (he had considered using Norman Mailer as his example), he might have made a substantial contribution to cultural history. His theme, not a fresh insight but an important one, is stated in his preface. The "dirty little secret" of society (D. H. Lawrence's phrase) used to be sex; it is now success – in America, at least. Much of the dirtiness and secrecy of sex has been dissipated by candor, and Podhoretz wants to do the same for success.

But he does not note a difference between the two secrets. Sex was once a secret in every part of society, including artists. (Remember Mark Twain's treatment of Maxim Gorky when he learned that the latter had come here with his mistress.) Success has always been openly adulated in every part of society *except* the intellectual and artistic.

It is this schism, between the intellectual attitude and that of all others, that produced – and still produces – ghastly results. A young man's education emphasized non-material principles; then suddenly he left the intellectual community of the college and was dropped into a jungle where only material motives could keep him alive. Psychiatrists tell us plenty about the results of this conflict. The bars of Madison Avenue tell us more, jammed with martini-boppers – college graduates who fundamentally hate their jobs and themselves, and whose fondest dream (see all those novels about advertising or *Time*) is to get away from it all. A chief problem for American society has been how to get its best minds to stay *in* American society and possibly affect it for the better, instead of merely plundering it for enough money to make escape possible.

For intellectuals, as Podhoretz points out, the history has been quite different. They never had to make overt obeisance to success. Their education led straight, and without contradiction, into a milieu that despised success and that judged merit by distance from popular acceptance. The latter-day changes in this stance came about for related social and artistic reasons. Socially, the American image of the cultivated man had, for decades, been a WASP, chiefly because most cultivated men *were* WASPS – there was neither money nor opportunity for immigrants to get education or status. Naturally the first generations of immigrants' children to approach Parnassus tried to take on protective coloration – both in their own lives and in the lives of their characters, if they were novelists or dramatists. They anglicized their names and wrote, largely, about WASP characters in order (they said) to keep from being parochial. If Podhoretz had come from Brownsville as little as 15 years earlier, he might have thought it necessary to change his name to Podd and might have thought that working on a magazine like *Commentary* would detour him into a side-road of American cultural life. Nowadays, as the joke goes, everybody's Jewish – especially Italians. What has happened to the intellectual community, in social terms, is not a debasement of fine Anglo-Saxon standards but a healthy response to social change. Prejudice against non-WASPS in that community has passed from a social problem into pure pathology; and some sense of popular integration, as well as a heightened interest in popular culture, has removed the absolutely automatic stigma attached to success.

In artistic terms, the change in this community is even more interesting. Originally, and in consonance with its attitudes toward money success, it believed that good art and thought existed in a small enclave in large and barbarous America, a schism described by Van Wyck Brooks in 1915 as highbrow against lowbrow. Then the highbrow camp split into traditionalists and modernists, a battle that Podhoretz says has ended in a "truce." "Many forces were responsible for the eventual truce to this battle . . . but the most important of them was the triumph of modernism and its absorption by a once-hostile world." Or as Irving Howe puts it in *The Idea of the Modern:*

> "In the war between modernist culture and bourgeois society, something has happened recently that no spokesman for the *avant-garde* quite anticipated. Bracing enmity has given way to wet embraces, the middle class has discovered that the fiercest attacks upon its values can be transposed into pleasing entertainments, and the *avant-garde* writer or artist must confront the one challenge for which he has not been prepared: the challenge of success."

This is the core of Podhoretz's argument: that the decisive change has been in the middle class, that it is now an authentic sharer in authentic culture; that this change alters the public for art and intellectual work, the rewards for that work, and the attitude toward those rewards.

At the very least, this idea is valuable

(Continued on page 37)

* *Making It*, by Norman Podhoretz (Random House; $6.95)

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Books and the Arts

Doing Away with Man

by John Wain

According to Mr. Marc Slonim, *The Flood* is "undoubtedly the most interesting novel of the Parisian spring season." I'm surprised to hear that book publishing still has "seasons" – I thought that had gone out with the cloche hat and the Charleston – but perhaps it still does in Paris, where the *couturier* is a dominant cultural figure and the "collection" is still an event,

The Flood
by J. M. G. LeClézio
translated by Peter Green
(Atheneum; $5.95)

while empires totter. However, I am sure that Mr. Slonim is right to single out *The Flood*, season or no season, as exceptionally interesting. M. LeClézio is a writer of formidable talent. The more's the pity that he has arrived on the scene a few years too late for his talent to flower within the garden of European literature.

That word "literature," like "season," is already beginning to look quaint on the page. We live in a world that is rapidly giving up on the idea of imaginative literature, not because it has anything against literature as such, but because literature grew out of a humanistic background; it was nourished by a belief that human beings were important, occupying the center of the stage, so that even people without any formal religious belief (and there have always been plenty of them) somehow felt in their bones that what a man did, the motives for which he acted, had an importance that radiated throughout the cosmos. A Shakespeare, a Villon, a Tolstoy, were made possible by this attitude. Even a diabolist like Baudelaire affirmed the same thing; as T. S. Eliot said, in the mental atmosphere of post-Voltaire France, "the recognition of the reality of Sin is a New Life; and the possibility of damnation itself is so immense a relief in a world of electoral reform, plebiscites, sex reform and dress reform, that damnation itself is an immediate form of salvation – of salvation from the ennui of modern life, because it at least gives some significance to living."

If this is true of the France of the mid-19th century, what are we to say of the France of today, or for that matter of the Europe, the world, of today? For the fact is that the attempt to "give some significance to living" has failed. We have now a world population who see life in purely mechanistic terms, people who spend their working lives servicing machines or moving information about, and pass their leisure in absorbing mass-produced entertainment, so that Professor Zbigniew Brzezinski of Columbia University has recently predicted in this journal with a kind of grim glee, that "the achievement-oriented society might give way to the amusement-focused society." This dreary swarm of two-legged termites will obviously have no use for art, no comprehension of why men ever created art, because art has at its center the glorious, if desperate, struggle of humanity to assert its identity, to claim that the ground beneath the divine and above the animal is not a mere muddy strip of no-man's land but a sacred central area, that

> This Jack, joke, poor potsherd, patch – matchwood, immortal diamond
> Is immortal diamond. . . .

It is this belief that has been silently given up by most people, now that we are in what Professor Brzezinski calls "the Technetronic Age." And anyone who still maintains that human beings are something more than talking animals, who still feels the warmth of that generous excitement of the Renaissance, is liable to be severely censured by the new breed of managers. (I am perfectly certain in my own mind, for instance, that the real reason why the Soviet Government will not allow the Russians to read *Dr. Zhivago* is not because it is subversive but because it is permeated with this feeling that man is at the center, that the human being is more important than any device for governing him or prolonging his life or amusing his leisure; Pasternak simply ignores their technetronic termite-world, and this they can never forgive.)

To come back to M. LeClézio (and I apologize to this very gifted young writer for using his book as a peg for generalizations, but there is no other way in which I can explain the mixture of admiration and revulsion it arouses in me), *The Flood* is an unusually well-done example of the *nouveau roman*, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say of the kind of novel that will be produced in France now that the techniques and attitudes of the *nouveau roman* have become domesticated. The *nouveau roman*, which is not a *roman* and is not particularly *nouveau* either, works by deliberately obliterating the distinction between human characters and the setting in which they live. It takes hold of life by means of obsessionally detailed descriptions, sometimes running to scores of pages, of physical objects. The human identity which perceives these objects is presented as one more object of the same kind. The world is a huge, maniacally boring clutter, and we are part of that clutter. The whole of the *nouveau roman* is a kind of immense Puritanical sermon against giving ourselves airs, a stern warning not to imagine that we are any more important than the interesting (because cataloguable) contents of a foreign attic.

To this pass has humanity come. If it is the duty of literature to reflect contemporary attitudes, then the exponents of the *nouveau roman* are doing useful work. Certainly they are exercising their French prerogative of being logical. (Logic, order, the famous French *clarté*, seem to have deserted the higher intellectual life of France in recent years, leaving the field to the kind of vague and inflated abstractions

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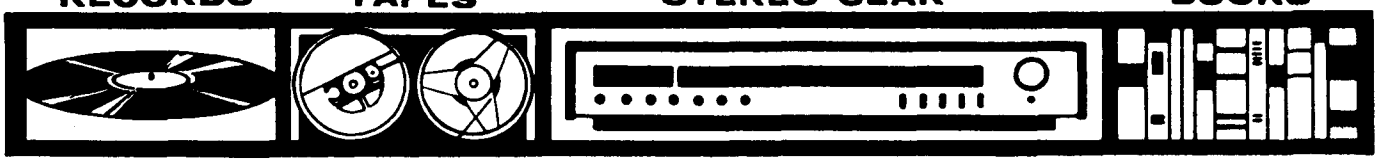

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we used to associate with German minds. But it has certainly stayed with French literary men – just as, in an unrecognizably cynical form, it seems to have stayed with their politicians.) Both the *nouveau roman* and the censored and officially directed literature of Eastern Europe are, at bottom, products of logic. If the Renaissance is finally over, if the human claim to significance is finally withdrawn, then of course the writer must either become a social engineer, persuading people to work harder in the factories and think more orthodox thoughts, or he must devote his talents, however considerable, to presenting a view of the human being as an object among other objects.

Any reader who thinks I am exaggerating must now play fair and read carefully the following quotation from M. LeClézio's book:

"No doubts, no fears: man, if you like, is gradually dwindling away, moving towards the vegetable condition *en route* for the mineral. The rich, fluctuating body of matter which formerly provided his relaxation now wholly eludes him, flows out of and away from his body without his even being aware of it. Once he possessed a halo of mystery, the product of his collisions with the real world; then a dream, a premonitory vision of ruin and destruction enters the picture, and this man at once becomes united with his true self. The gods are sent packing, the void spins around him, and the earth becomes, in his eyes, a deserted planet, a complex place full of signs and booby-traps. He no longer sees or hears anything; even his sense of touch betrays him. The earth is mist-bound and sterile; towns no longer have any weight – perhaps they are floating, perhaps this is only an illusion caused by the two gaseous spheres; the sky has penetrated solid matter and blown it up, the whole world is gas and more gas, smoke and cloud; everything here merges and blends. Old distinctions are jettisoned: the horizon smokes over Uranus, and what before was hard and brilliant, rough-diamond-edged, has passed into drops of water, whence it disperses in the air. That is the measure of what this much-buffeted man's power has contrived to accomplish."

I find that passage very moving. It is the work of a powerful and sensitive young mind, richly endowed but disinherited. "The whole world is gas and more gas"; this is the sad conclusion; the long and colorful human journey ends here, "but here, upon this bank and shoal of time." *The Flood* is a very touching book, for M. LeClézio is not infected with the curious heartlessness that seems endemic among modern French writers; one senses compassion, even grief, behind his endless catalogues and his parade of the evidences of futility. Indeed, he is well aware that what he is describing is not human life (since all that is over) but hell. Since Sartre set the fashion in the immediate post-war years, hell has been all the go in French literature, but in recent years one feels that the metaphor has become literal truth, that we have really arrived there.

Examples:

"Anyone overtaken by the freeze-up very quickly cracked and broke apart; his hot and cold elements sloughed off around his feet like a cast skin, and almost at once his naked body could be seen rising from the confusion, sharp and thin as a knife-blade, and setting its mark on the rest of the process, with a series of distorted movements and nervous twitchings that verged on caricature. Then it would take on the semblance of a statue or an engraving; a few bold strokes and there it was, burning like a torch above the world, a world at long last restored to pristine clarity, to the realm of abstract ideas, indescribable in its vividness and beau-

The Bay

I would like to think the purple flowers on the
Green cliff and the purple patching the bay below
And this hot lizard, indicate the finer points
And threads of some intricate pattern, but I know
Minute maps of purple on a momentary spine
Do not emulate nameless places of the sea,
And that tiny boat there is not rocking on an
Armful of jewels, but proceeds with audacity
Across the cold arena like a butterfly
Moving over the green gravel of a formal grave.
And all that is more than meets the eye, looms with
Dead certainty beneath each perfunctory wave,
While the occupants of that tiny boat cast out
Their hopes, and knowing the balm of occupation,
Drag abundant sustenance from the wet charnel
Of lives and voyages lost in dark inundation.

I would like to think some supernatural note
Will sound, resurrecting the better part of men,
When historical and unrecorded navigators
Will surface, joyful as seals and unforgotten,
The flesh and flash of salty eyes restated.
But I know the flimsiest spirits do not rise
Like evaporating rain on the lighthouse path.
Only evaporating rain ascends to warmer skies
In ghostly columns – and where this path ends
The lighthouse waits to flail wild arms into the night,
Rescuing no one and merely indicating
Protruding rocks and death with efficient light.

FREDA DOWNIE

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ty, a species of intellectual hell."

And, some eighty pages further on:

"Men had no idea of what they were doing when they placed such objects on a bare table. It never occurred to them that they were setting beautiful deadly traps, ready to close on anyone who beheld them in all their dazzling presumption. They had no idea that for people such as François Besson, so desperately in need of immobility and silence, they and their transparent objects were, quite simply, flinging wide the gates of hell."

The Flood is out of the run of most modern French writing, certainly far above the ruck of the *nouveau roman*, because it has genuine pity. Besson, the central character, spends most of his time staring into old drawers full of rubber bands and paper-clips, or contemplating the menus of cheap cafés, because this is the only kind of activity that is allowed in French novels nowadays; he is, it is true, listlessly involved with two women, both of whom he leaves during the story, but this has no human significance, since they are just objects like himself and the words "human" and "significance" are empty noises. Towards the end of the book, Besson dies. (At least, I think he dies; he may be just engulfed in despair, suffering a death which leaves his body alive: this is not the kind of book in which you are intended to sort out the action very clearly.) And in his death, like many a tragic hero, Besson acquires more interest and significance than he had in his life. The death of a man, it seems, has still some importance; as much, at least, as the dissolution of a piece of seaweed or a cigarette end. As he lies on a concrete bridge, turning hesitantly, like a metal top dropped spinning into an ashtray, there is the vague sound of a song. The words of this song are

". . . mere inarticulate sounds, the words make and unmake themselves in vertiginous sequence, in impotence and hatred. Bright flashes of light, exploding at irregular intervals, black lightning, powdery branches.

I no longer believe in god
I no longer believe in god
I no longer believe in god"

And so we take our leave of Besson, a character (or rather a non-character) who obviously owes something to the non-characters of Samuel Beckett as well as to the puppets of the *nouveau roman*, but who will live on in one's mind by reason of the lyrical beauty and compassion of the author's descriptions of him, his world, and his fate.

I have not read this book in French, but since the translator is Peter Green, I feel complete confidence that what we are getting here is the impact of the book very much as M. LeClézio wrote it. And I hope it will be read by many people, for it is a sympathetic and imaginative evocation of the world-view that will, I suppose, be dominant for *homo sapiens* from now on, at any rate among those *homines* who allow their interior world to be ruled by the logical intellect. M. LeClézio is, it seems, partly English and had some of his education in England, but one thing that did not rub off on him was the Anglo-Saxon distrust of logic, which permits us to know with our intellect that two and two make four, while still maintaining some inner reservation, some residual belief in our bones that it may after all turn out to be five. It is this avoidance of logic that keeps English and American literature, riddled with incompetence and mediocrity as they are, still in business.

This basic inward illogicality is a help to the artist, because logic, after all, has never been a friend to the arts nor to the human spirit; but it does not make us superior to the French. I find it moving, not pathetic but grandly tragic, to see a great literary nation stoically facing the fact that from now on literature will have to be jettisoned, determining to struggle on without its aid and solace. There will be an interim period, of course, in which books are still written, and perhaps anti-literature will have its own Rabelais, its own Montaigne, even its own Villon. But the radiance is that of a gas-fire that has been turned off. It must fade. André Malraux recently put it this way,

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in an interview reported in the January *Encounter:*

> "One thing is certain: that there is in the human heart a feeling of ultimate powerlessness. What I mean is, whether you like it or not you are going to die, whether you like it or not you are going to grow old and fall ill and so on. Everything in the human situation which does not depend on human beings is what I call this feeling of powerlessness, but it refuses to drown, even in whisky. It is much stronger than civilization, and we cannot face going on like this indefinitely."

There speaks the modern mind, the mind that has finally accepted a life set against a background of death rather than against a background of eternity. If your basic feeling about life is that it is temporary, a stage on the way to something else, then you can quite easily face "going on like this indefinitely." If you even allow for a reverberating agnosticism, a series of question-marks receding into infinity, then human life remains, at least, an interesting mystery. If, on the other hand, you belong to a generation that has grown up with atheism and never known anything else, even imaginatively, then you will be with Besson, facing the fact of death with "a soft and agonized whimpering, the hoarse unhappy cry of a gibbon, screaming without rhyme or reason at the onset of darkness."

Macmillan at War

by Alex Campbell

In the first volume of his memoirs, Harold Macmillan dealt lovingly with the pre-1914 world, less fondly with the wasteland between the World Wars. When the Second World War came in 1939, Macmillan was 45. In the First World War, Anthony Sampson tells us, Macmillan fought on the Somme and once lay in no man's land with a broken pelvis, surrounded by corpses, and reading Aeschylus except when Germans passed and he had to feign dead. In the Second War, Macmillan thought he could "perhaps drive a lorry for the Cuckfield Rural District Council," near his Sussex home. Macmillan didn't think he had much future as a public figure, either. He had spent 16 years on the back benches of the House of Commons.

The Blast of War
by Harold Macmillan
(Harper & Row; $11.95)
Macmillan: A Study in Ambiguity
by Anthony Sampson
(Simon & Schuster; $6.50)

Churchill changed everything by bringing Macmillan into his government and then sending him to North Africa as Churchill's link with General Eisenhower. Macmillan found Eisenhower fuming at critics of the political deals he had made with ambiguous Frenchmen like Admiral Darlan. Ike told Macmillan: "I can't understand why these long-haired, starry-eyed guys keep gunning for me. I'm no reactionary. Christ on the Mountain! I'm as idealistic as hell." But after Darlan's assassination, the Americans continued to cold-shoulder the Free French and General de Gaulle. Secretary of State Cordell Hull tried to explain it to Macmillan by observing that the French were very difficult people. Macmillan replied that "for that reason the best thing to do was to let them manage their own affairs. The Secretary seemed a little doubtful as to the wisdom of this proposition." De Gaulle, with whom Macmillan went bathing, had no doubts. "I represent future France, and it will be better for us all if you support me." Macmillan apparently agreed. His second volume of memoirs strongly suggests he and de Gaulle could very well have done without nagging interference by Roosevelt and Churchill.

Macmillan was later involved with Greece and the Greek prime minister, George Papandreou. Macmillan had rather a poor view of the Greek royal family, thought Greece should have a

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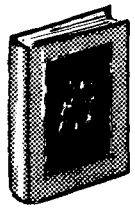

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regency, and asked General Scobie "to go to Papandreou and tell him quite plainly that we were not prepared to become the tool of right-wing reaction throughout Greece. We wished a settlement of conciliation and we would not allow ourselves to be dragged into a long war from one end of Greece to the other to exterminate the Communist Party." Papandreou, however, "would not hear of compromise or conciliation, and talked of nothing but complete victory over the communists. He may be right from his point of view and perhaps from the long-term view of Europe. But I don't think he has any idea of our military difficulties or of the dangers on his northern frontier. We do not wish to start the Third World War against Russia until we have finished the Second World War against Germany – and certainly not to please M. Papandreou." These passages are ironical reading in the light of current Greek events. It's George Papandreou and his son Andreas whom the present Greek government believes to be soft on communism.

While Macmillan was grappling with Mediterranean problems, back in Sussex the *Luftwaffe* was bombing his home. "I worked out afterwards that we had on our estate about one bomb to every ten acres; but there were no casualties except a cow and a pheasant. I entered these in the game-book in their proper place, the cow under the heading 'various'."

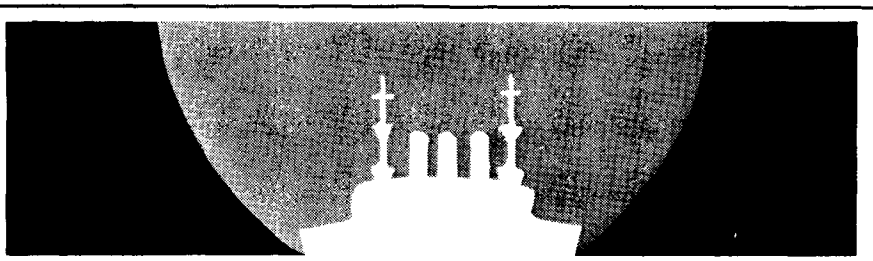
No book about Britain at war would be complete without a Churchill anecdote. Macmillan describes Churchill at Chequers:

> "Sitting in the drawing-room about six o'clock he said, 'I am an old and weary man. I feel exhausted.' Mrs. Churchill said, 'But think what Hitler and Mussolini feel like'; To which Winston replied, 'Ah, but at least Mussolini has had the satisfaction of murdering his son-in-law'. This repartee so pleased him that he went for a walk and appeared to revive."

The second volume of Macmillan's memoirs takes the story to 1945. Anthony Sampson deals with Macmillan's career as a whole. With the memoirs we are on a boat that is still navigating a winding river; Sampson takes us up in a helicopter and shows us the entire landscape. In the memoirs, Macmillan is quite caustic on occasion about Americans. According to Sampson, Macmillan during his association with Eisenhower in Algiers saw the British role as "Greeks in this American empire. You will find the Americans," he told Dick Crossman, "much as the Greeks found the Romans – great big, vulgar, bustling people, more vigorous than we are and also more idle, with more unspoiled virtues but also more corrupt. We must run Allied Force Headquarters as the Greek slaves ran the operations of the Emperor Claudius."

That was 1943. Fourteen years later, Macmillan became Britain's prime minister, and chose for himself another but not dissimilar role. "On becoming prime minister, he carefully let it be known that he was reading Trollope; he insisted that the klaxon on the official prime minister's car (installed by Churchill) should stop sounding; he hung up a notice inside 10 Downing Street quoting from *The Gondoliers:* 'Quiet Calm Deliberation Disentangles Every Knot'." The cultured Englishman who had put it across the vulgar Romericans was in process of becoming the cultured and unflappable "Supermac" of the fifties. The two roles, however, continued to intermingle; while Macmillan went on liquidating the British Empire, by edging out of Africa and trying to edge into the European Common Market, Supermac boasted that Britain "never had it so good."

This prompts Sampson to imply that the real Macmillan never stood up. "In his last years [as prime minister] his various personalities – the literary, the military, the intellectual, the ducal – were never fully coordinated, and . . . his colleagues were never sure which Macmillan might pop up. . . . The whole was never greater than the sum of the parts." The thrust is shrewd, but hardly the last word on this complex, wily character. That may still belong to Macmillan, in a subsequent instalment of the former prime minister's fascinating story.



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Correspondence

The New Republic welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.

Hot Pursuit

Sirs:

One aspect of the "hot pursuit" issue not discussed by Alex Campbell (January 13) is historical precedent. In February 1958 the French claimed a similar "right of hot pursuit" into the Algerian FLN guerrillas' "sanctuaries," when they decided to bomb the Tunisian border village of Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef. Militarily, of course, not much was accomplished; but many innocent civilians died in the attack. Outrage was expressed against the French action in many countries, our own included. Secretary of State Dulles and his Department were "profoundly disturbed"; Sen. William Knowland voiced "shock and disappointment"; Sen. Hubert Humphrey demanded that the French return to us the US Corsair fighter planes used in the attack. And the *New York Times'* resident Tory, C. L. Sulzberger, wrote that "The Tunisian bombing incident simply doesn't make sense," and that French leaders "risk spreading a war" by their action of "hot pursuit . . . [which stems from] a mad sense of frustration. And madness is what the gods . . . introduce as a precursor to destruction."

Richard B. Du Boff
Bryn Mawr College

Miss McCarthy in Vietnam

Sirs:

Being equipped with a wife and a daughter both Vassar alumnae, I dare not hold any high opinion of Mary McCarthy. Nevertheless, I am moved to call the attention of *The New Republic* readers to the interchange between Miss McCarthy and Diana Trilling on the subject of Vietnam in the *New York Review of Books* of January 18. Mrs. Trilling had written of "the grim reality that in withdrawing from Vietnam we consign untold numbers of Southeast Asian opponents of communism to their death and countless more to the abrogation of the right of protest which we American intellectuals hold so dear." Miss McCarthy admitted that she did not know what would happen if we pulled out, but suspected that "the richer and more visible of the 'loyal' South Vietnamese will follow their bank accounts to France and Switzerland." Miss McCarthy concedes that Ho would probably exterminate, ostentatiously, a few dozen of the more notorious quislings, but that he would kill two million she thinks is a Pentagon pipe-dream.

There she stops. She does not point out that we are so absolutely certain that our theory is correct that it is impossible for us, a civilized Christian nation, to go away and permit two million helpless civilians to be butchered by Ho. Therefore, we are taking the only certain means of preventing it – we are killing them ourselves, before Ho gets there. So will our high moral character be vindicated and the ungodly Ho be put in his place!

Some South Vietnamese, no doubt, would as soon be shot by Ho as roasted alive by Napalm or delicately minced by a thousand flying razors from a scatter-bomb, but that only shows that they are of the Mysterious East.

Gerald W. Johnson
Baltimore, Md.

Egypt's Plight

Sirs:

Your London correspondent (December 23) presents Egypt's plight in an overpessimistic manner. Nasser's leadership, if ever so nominal, is no longer a decisive issue, nor are Russian arms.

The recent oil discoveries by United Companies in the Western Desert – ironically located not too far from the exploration sites abandoned by the Russians some time ago – which evidently are geologically connected with

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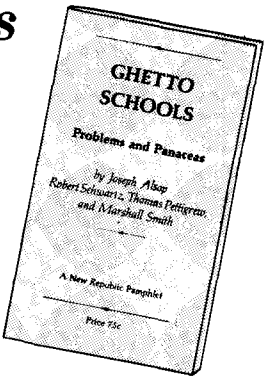
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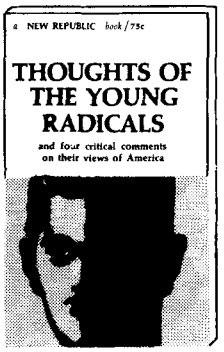

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Benjamin D. Rosen
New York, N.Y.

The Near-Forgotten Aged

Sirs:

I have just seen the article in your January 6 issue by David Sanford entitled "The Near-Forgotten Aged," and I want to thank you very much for bringing the problems of the older poor to the attention of your readers and for describing our Project FIND. For reasons which are certainly understandable, the limited funds available for anti-poverty programs have previously been devoted almost exclusively to trying to meet the needs of the younger poor, and especially to providing educational and training opportunities which can break the cycle of poverty and enable young people now living in poverty to improve their circumstances permanently. It has always been realized, however, that an extremely large percentage of the poor are old, and I was glad to see that congressional attention at the last session was focused upon their situation much more intensely than ever before.

We are looking forward to the report expected from Project FIND to provide reliable data regarding the actual numbers of the older poor and the true extent of their problems, and we are also expecting it to indicate ways in which their unmet needs can best be met. . . .

Genevieve Blatt
Assistant Director
Office of Economic Opportunity

Sirs:

In connection with David Sanford's excellent article "The Near-Forgotten Aged" (January 6), in all honesty I must let you know that, while the provision for a recreation and service center for older people was my idea, the thought that it be "controlled by older people themselves" was the excellent contribution made by Congressman Domenic V. Daniels of New Jersey.

Claiborne Pell
US Senator

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Kauffmann, *from page 27*

in its shaking of highbrow smugness. It is also valuable in a way explored by Paul Goodman. He says there is no longer a split between society and the *avant-garde*, that *each* group is alienated "from its natural life and growth, and its persons are estranged from one another," but it is only the artists who know it and feel it. Goodman says that society responds to the artist's awareness with outrage. I no longer think this is true; still I think it is the difference between artists and society that must be concentrated on, not the similarity, if the artist and intellectual are going to be of service to the society with which they are now fundamentally linked.

In any event, these, in general, are the social and intellectual meldings that have prepared the way for the respectability of success in the intellectual world. So far in Podhoretz's book, so good. But the fact that he has chosen to write it personally might be taken as evidence that, despite his protestations, he still feels some guilt in the matter. Guilty or not, the personal elements are the most defective.

He has already been well derided, not without cause, for taking himself as a symbol of fame and power. I limit myself to one comment. He cites the swiftly-won and genuine fame of Susan Sontag, and he attributes it to her arriving at the right moment with the right qualities – "exactly as I in my time had been chosen for a role I seemed practically born to play." I yield to many men in my admiration for Miss Sontag, but this equation can only be called disproportionate. An apologist for fame ought to be a better judge of it. This aspect of Podhoretz's book can be closed off with one (appropriately) Jewish joke. A man makes money, buys a yacht and a captain's outfit, and then presents himself to his aged mother. The old lady says, "Boychick, to me, you're a captain. To you, you're a captain. But to *captains*, are you a captain?"

What is more important is Podhoretz's attitude toward literary criticism. Trained under – among others – Lionel Trilling and F. R. Leavis for a career as a critic, he became tired of what he calls the "tyranny" of taste, the continual display and counter-display of sensibilities; and along with this he became tired of "handing out failing grades" in an era of non-great literature (the fifties). He could only be a critic, he came to feel, in a time when there was "a great and revolutionary movement within contemporary literature that needed support. . . . In the absence of such a movement, as I was now beginning to learn, criticism could only shrivel into academicism or take on the kind of strident negativism that had been bothering me in my own work."

I do not argue that Podhoretz ought to have remained a literary critic, certainly not against the drift of his desires. But what seems to me important is a basic misunderstanding here of literature, criticism, and cultural continuity. Obviously the happiest fate for a critic is to be working at a time when either a significant revolutionary movement is growing and/or a freshet of inarguably first-class talent is flowing. Hazlitt said that a critic was luckiest when he discovered a new major artist and rose with him. But Hazlitt did not say that criticism ought otherwise to be abandoned. The idea of continuity, of the value of the truly if unstaggeringly talented, of the need to nurture standards and aspirations *especially* in slack times (and the slackness of the fifties can certainly be debated), of the imperative to carry on this work in dips or on plateaus so that peaks may again be possible – none of this occurs to Podhoretz, or at least is not vital to him.

Additionally, Podhoretz is speaking, essentially, about journalistic literary criticism, at however high a level – the criticism of new works. When did his justly admired masters, Trilling and Leavis, last review a new book? Would Podhoretz maintain that their work is of no contemporary relevance? Think, only, of what Trilling has done for the concept of humanism – in every application – through his study of Matthew Arnold. Podhoretz knows these things. His refusal to be guided by them, I would guess, is not a matter of principle but of self-recognition. Just as he had discovered earlier that he was not a poet and thus became a critic, so (I think) he was discovering that he was not an extraordinary critic and disguised his personal discovery as a general principle. Possibly it is residual guilt at this disguise – and his motives for it – that prompts him to protest both too much and incompletely.

It would be stupidly coy to ignore the attack that Podhoretz makes on this journal in his closing pages. Apropos of Norman Mailer, he says:

> "He was trying to prove that the best way for an American to deal with the ambition for worldly success . . . was to throw himself unashamedly into it in the hope of coming up again on the other side. . . . Mailer, it seemed to me, might transcend the problem, and even if he never did, he was still following a nobler and more honorable course than the prigs of *The New Republic* school of criticism who were forever clucking their tongues over his refusal to bow down before the icons of selfless purity to which they so stridently protested their own righteous devotion. . . . It did not occur to these lovers of literature while preaching such sermons that the bad little artist had just refuted every single assumption on the basis of which they were scolding him by producing, in *Advertisements for Myself*, one of the great works of

Notes on Contributors

John Wain's *book*, Death of the Hind Legs *and other stories, was recently published by Viking;* Mr. Wain *is working on a novel.* Freda Downie *is preparing a volume of her poetry for publication.*

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confessional autobiography in American literature. . . . But of course *Advertisements for Myself*, not being a novel, was not art; in fact, it counted so little even for writing that in the very act of reviewing it, they wondered when Mailer would stop running for President or for Mayor of New York and 'get down to writing again'."

First, I cannot remember that Podhoretz previously has talked in this book about "the other side" of success where one might "come up": I had thought that, in his view, worldly success *was* the other side. Second, he is the only person I know of who has been able to identify a "school" of *NR* criticism. Third, *Why Mailer Wants to Be President* was not written by "they" but by Richard Gilman (February 8, 1964) and, far from saying that Mailer counts for little, Gilman concluded:

> ". . . He has kept the life lines open. He has not been right, but he has been present; and he has given us, by the ironic action of his voracious ego, a new sense of where our own selves are and what we might do to resurrect them."

Fourth, the attack on Podhoretz in the *NR* for his views on fiction-versus-non-fiction was not written by Gilman or by "they" but by Robert Brustein ("Who's Killing the Novel," October 3, 1965). It is quite natural that Podhoretz is still smarting under the attack, but his rebuttal here is inaccurate, smearily imprecise, and – as demonstrated – less than forthright.

Finally, there is an ironic point. If we didn't know the end of the story, we might suspect, all through this book, that we were being prepared for Podhoretz's acceptance of a job as president of a big book club or as story editor for David Susskind. What it comes down to at last is that, as a result of all this cultural flux and power-recognition, he has become the editor of an uncommonly good and serious magazine and is apparently making a tidy living at it. This may not be the eminence that it seems in Brownsville-eye view, but neither is it really anything to be embarrassed or defiant about. If only Podhoretz could be convinced of that.

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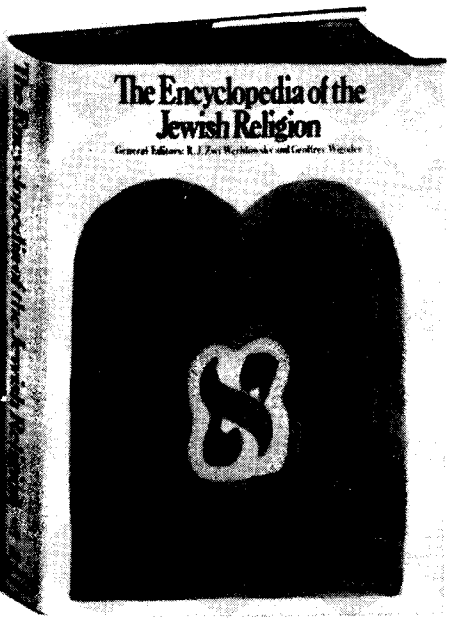

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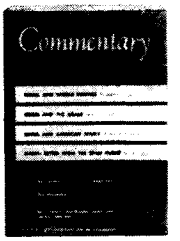

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